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AND

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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Seville and its Vicinity.* By Frank Hall Standish, Esq., author of "The Shores of the Mediterranean," "The Northern Capitals of Europe," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 407. London, 1840. Black and Armstrong.

OUR author, by this as well as his preceding publications, has shewn himself to belong to a class of English gentlemen which we heartily wish was more numerous amongst us. Not that we are disposed to undervalue the general body; on the contrary, we are inclined to believe that no country on the face of the earth can boast of such a mass of honour, intelligence, and cultivation, as is displayed, in various forms, by the Gentlemen of England: but there are only a few of them who really and truly give themselves up to elegant and learned pursuits, even so far as to make themselves competent judges of the arts, or judicious friends to literature. They naturally partake of the vice of the age, which seems to exist on the adage that "*many a little makes a mickle*;" and accordingly substitute a sort of omnivorous smattering in the room of more complete accomplishment directed to a more limited range. No matter what the object, the division into a mouthful of each and a bellyful of none is the prevalent feature of our cyclopaedical time.

Not so with such as Mr. Standish. Founded on liberal education, and enlightened by travel, with a mind devoted to studies which refine and instruct, the experience and knowledge which may be crammed even into a few years where means of comparison have been extensively sought and found; and, perhaps, above all, an innate taste for the beautiful and elevated, this section of our gentry are indeed ornaments to their native land, and benefactors to its nobler ends.

It is always delightful to us, from the nature of our occupation, observant of such things, and of the vast benefits which they confer on society,—it is always delightful to us to offer our sincere though humble applause to characters of this description; and it is equally pleasurable to follow them in any of the productions it may suit their habits to offer to the public. Of Mr. Standish's former works, mentioned above, we have spoken in the terms of praise their merits demanded; and though the present volume is more local in its application, yet, as it displays the same information and talent, and does treat of a site of great European interest, we are gratified in having it in our power to bestow a similar tribute upon its historical, antiquarian, and topographical merits. One thing we note is the want of plates to illustrate some of the subjects; and a want of an acquaintance with the Spanish language is another which many readers will feel where passages are quoted in that tongue. Taken altogether, the title of *Seville and its Vicinity* is fully justified; for the account is minute, and leaves nothing further to be wished, either by English or Spanish inquirers. We will now endeavour to exemplify this, copying first an explanatory portion of the author's preface:—

"The register of Sevilian worthies is very extensive; but the abodes of some, and the

works of others, have disappeared, and are daily perishing; so that the present work even now almost belongs to the narrative of another age, and the next generation will soon probably see what little yet remains dispersed or destroyed by politics and war. Spain has been long enslaved by aristocratic and religious despotism; from the latter she has emancipated herself, devastating the temples, and dispersing their inmates. With military coercion she will probably now become familiar. Such a nation, poor, and in arrear of the march of intellect all over the rest of Europe, is incapable of understanding or enjoying liberty,—a blessing, indeed, when properly administered by an enlightened government, but applied rashly or ignorantly, ruinous to a state. Ignorant masses must of necessity be kept in subjection, until education has rendered them capable of reasoning with judgment. The ignorant and 'profane vulgar' are rank weeds every where,—a devouring cancer in society,—equally ready to go the greatest lengths at the call either of unprincipled agitators or of corrupt princes. The only moment when they can be regarded with pleasure is, when with a blind but generous devotion they are rushing upon the bayonets of foreign enemies. The work now presented to the public contains an enumeration of almost all the convents and public buildings which existed in Seville during the last century, with their most remarkable contents in the present; some notice being taken of the troglodyte habitations of the Arabs. The miracles of Catholic images are recorded, to shew the gross superstition of the faithful in former times; indeed, not long since, the hands of Saint Anthony were filled with letters to the Americas, which were answered on the following morning by the priests: his holiness was the great courier of the Havannah, and the parent or the lover blessed his miraculous power of conveying speedily and secret intelligence. Dates have been carefully observed; so that, on referring to more detailed historical accounts, more minute particulars may be obtained on most parts of the work. No concise account of Seville has yet been written, and those who desire information concerning the town are obliged to seek it among rambling, diffuse, and sometimes contradictory authorities. It was easy to have expanded the details of the work to thrice its present bulk; but diffuseness has been purposely avoided where nothing particularly interesting occurred for narration."

This so clearly points out the principal matters to which Mr. Standish has directed his attention, that we may conveniently forego analysis, and content ourselves with a selection of such parts as appear to us most likely to entertain our readers:—

"The following is the panegyric passed upon Seville by an ancient chronicler, Morgado, in 1587:—It is called by excellence the town of the kingdoms of Spain, for its most ancient Christian faith and glorious patrons, Justa and Rufina, Laureanus, Saint Hermenegildus, martyrs in Christ and confessors in him, besides Leandrus and Isidorus, who have sanctified this fortunate country with their blood, their sepulchres, and their ashes; for its supreme fel-

city in possessing the cathedral, and holy office of the holy Inquisition; for its most illustrious and just senate and holy government, its ministers of justice, and divine ordinances; for its university and colleges of polite letters; for its agreeable position, its most level streets, its fine houses and sumptuous temples, and superb edifices of the Alcazars, towers, and walls; for its distinguished persons in all branches of polite literature; for its many principal and great lords and generals, admirals, captains, pilots, merchants, masters, and all classes of soldiers and sailors; for its ancient distinguished pedigrees of knights and wealthy men, its infinite number of ladies, no less chaste and modest than handsome and graceful; for the great abundance, dainty, and good flavour of its fruits and viands; for the eternal spring which reigns, the luxurious and fresh verdure of its trees and green banks; for the soft manners and natures of its natives; for its perpetual and constant loyalty, fidelity, and attachment to its king; for its commerce and intercourse with all the world—if the expression be allowed; for its pompous and continuous show of war, which threatens and alarms the most powerful foe; for its famous port, so continually full of all sorts of ships, which go and come to and from all regions in continual commerce with its most valuable products, and which render it populous, rich, and magnificent,—and this without counting the ordinary navigation of all the Indies, whose fleets offer in its opulent and noble port the immense wealth, which is notorious to all the world; for the tribute to its king of one million and a half of dollars every year, being to him in this way no less advantageous than honourable. From hence with reason it has passed to a proverb, that he cannot be called king who is not king of Seville." The circumference of Seville, which is all walled with battlements, is from five to six English miles, being 80,750 Spanish yards. The barbicans, or embrasures, are almost as strong as the walls. It has twelve gates, and three 'postigos,' or by-gates. The suburb of Triana, which derives its name, some say from the three antique arches of entrance which its gate once had, and others from Trajan, and the bridge, which, shame to the ayuntamiento, or civil authorities, is still formed of boats, and rude as in the time of Ferdinand, are famous as the first seat of the Inquisition, placed there by that king, and for the tower which caused so much damage to his army at the siege. At the commencement of the seventeenth century Seville and its suburbs contained in householders 100,000 persons, and in strangers as many more; but of both denominations there do not now exist more than half the number. The commerce of the Indies, which it then enjoyed, has been transferred to Cadiz, and though still opulent, it has now to subsist almost entirely from its own resources."

Between 80 and 90,000 is now, perhaps, the amount of the population. Among the promenades Mr. S. tells us:—

"Down the river you reach the Delicias by a charming walk, having the shade of trees above, and on one side the river and view of Triana, with the garden of the convent of the

Remedios; on the other, the orange-groves of the convent of Saint Diego, now used as a tanning establishment, and what has been formed of a botanic garden, under direction of the intendant Arjona, who planned the three places I am attempting to describe in the year 1828;—until you arrive at a large plantation which has three centre drives, besides walks which skirt the river, and intersect the others. The whole of this ground was planted by Claudio Botellou, an able botanist; and his care has been well repaid by the success and beauty of the plants. I have sometimes in a warm spring day tarried beneath the shade of these trees at noon, and could fancy myself in a wilderness of some new world. The venerable elms, which existed ages before this ground was planned for its present use, rose gnarled, knotted, and covered with dark green foliage, over my head; between them appeared the tender pomegranates, over which the sun threw its rays like the sparkling of the sea wave; gigantic heads of Spanish broom, with its yellow flowers, spotted each opening, and the compact orange here and there shewed forth its fragrant white flower. The citron trees, of almost a palish yellow, afforded another contrast; and below were violets, snapdragons, and an endless variety of wild plants, mingled with calms, oleanders, and beds of fragrant red poppies. The thrushes, nightingales, blackbirds, and wrens, were sometimes heard alternately, as if each waited for its associates, and occasionally warbled and chirped in chorus. The whole air seemed impregnated with the insect tribe, and beetles, ladybirds, flies of all sizes, buzzed about in the gleams of sunshine between the branches of the trees. The tongue of man alone was mute; his form was not seen, nor was his presence missed: for nature was all instinct with life, and creation so busied in its own projects, that I could not help contrasting the little world before me with the great one in which we live. All were occupied in the same cares as ourselves; even the flowers and the leaves of the trees seemed to have tongues, and to say, We are all looking for and expecting something—we all belong to, and are dependent on, an overruling Power. The speculations of man seemed to be transferred and to have descended to these inferior beings. What, indeed, are we more than these—bustling through their little day of life and pleasure—only creatures of a larger growth, and somewhat more prolonged and more disturbed existence!"

What a land to be wasted by civil wars and withered by bad governments!—

"The population of Seville in the year 1823 amounted to 81,875 souls: of these 43,007 were single persons, the males being less in number than the females by about 500; of married couples there were 30,389, and of widowers and widows 8479, the latter bearing to the former an excess of 4859. The number of religious persons of both sexes was about 2000, and there were 387 public beggars. After this period (which was that of the Constitution) the population increased greatly, when the friars came back under Ferdinand: and we may at present presume that between the inhabitants of the town and suburbs, and the strangers resident in Seville, the population may reach 100,000 in number. Indeed, many are now migrating hither from Cadiz, as the colonial commerce is entirely destroyed in the latter place, and it is found more easy to smuggle goods into this town than the other. Owing to a bad government, and excessive duties, scarcely any trade

is carried on in Spain, except as a contraband one. Fair and unfortunate country, the curse of fallen opulence weighs it down,—who can tell when to rise again? It is the present intention of the government to collect all the pictures for a museum, and the books of convents for a public library, sorting the latter, and keeping a copy of each work, while the duplicates are to be sold by public auction. This presents a fine field for bibliomania to luxuriate in, and the trouble of a voyage from England or France would be amply repaid, were it possible to count with certainty on such an intention; but the money paid by students, which was to have defrayed the expenses of the library-shelves, has all been seized by the government to defray the extraordinary expenses of the war, and it is not impossible that we may see both pictures and books hidden away in obscurity, or pilfered and dispersed clandestinely. Seville contains forty convents for men, and twenty-nine for women, besides four 'Beaterios,' which are public charities—a species of founding-hospitals, for the education of children who are poor and friendless. The buildings exist, indeed, but most of the communities of these places have been dispersed. It is impossible to stray amongst these abandoned cloisters without feeling regret at their desolation; to see thistles and weeds grow between the joints of a pavement which was once neat and polished, and the wild fig-tree forcing its insidious roots into architraves and mouldings, formerly brilliant in beauty, and inviting to the pencil of the painter, the mind of the poet, and the fervour of the devotee. In neglected aisles, an occasional statue dark with age, and once sanctified by daily prayer, is seen, whose calling and influence are past; a tomb is robbed of its tenant, and the glory transferred to it by the recollection of his life spent in devotion or in arms exists no more. The dark ages would indeed have been altogether obscure, had not religion preserved what was denied to the arts, handing us down the infant conceptions of the uncultivated mind, and the deeds of those for whom there were no chroniclers or historians. We regard, indeed, such samples with a degree of tenderness, not granted in general to contemporary exertions of genius, like parents who watch the infantine movements of a child, the first dawnings of his tender mind, and the simplicity of speech and action which delight then, but would be unbecoming in those of more advanced years. We judge them not as they are, but as what they promise to be, and look forward in the hope and expectation of their arrival at future excellence. Of ancient Arab libraries in Seville we find scarcely more than one tradition, in relation to the study of Miriam, which has been noticed at the commencement of the present work. According to the author of an article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' on the 'Life of Ferdinand and Isabel,' by Mr. Prescott, the account of Casiri, in his 'Bibliotheca Escorialensis,' of the existence of seventy Arab libraries during the occupation of the country by the Arabs, is a mistake, that writer having mistaken the list of books read by the author for that of libraries. Thus this piece of information, although copied by others and myself, leaves their number as obscure as before Casiri wrote. As, however, Jews mixed with Arabs, Persians, and Africans, as well as Christians, composed the population of towns subject to the Mahomedan domination in Spain, more collections of books were naturally made in this country than in the East, where the people were always migratory, and did not

come so much into contact with Europeans. It is matter of doubt whether the production to-day of the Arab manuscripts in the Escorial would afford the information which has been anticipated from them. It was then, and is now, customary for every Mahomedan prince to have an historiographer, who exaggerated the actions of his reign, being salaried expressly to praise him. The historical accounts of the Arabs might therefore be more correctly gathered from Jewish or Christian chroniclers than their own writers; indeed, the researches hitherto made have by no means been so satisfactory as we could wish. Of curiosities in literature and science we should certainly find many, for the Arabs have always been lovers of story-telling—a taste which they have handed down to the Spanish, who, when they collect in conversation, generally find some one to beguile the time and amuse the company by relating a 'cuento,' or fable. 'Cuentame un cuento,' is the request generally made when conversation flags. And in science, the discoveries the Arabs made, and their machinery, however rude, are interesting as specimens of art in its infancy. The question of the number of libraries remains therefore undetermined, but we may conclude that they were more numerous in the towns of Spain than those of the East."

Here is another picture:—

"To enjoy the romance of Seville, it must be visited by night. A walk through the streets, when the burning sun has set, and the moon risen, presents a scene of luxurious novelty peculiar to this extraordinary city. Then the guitar sends forth its tender and tremulous notes, and the fragrance of the rose and jessamine is on the gale. Through the green-grated iron doors of the houses, all the varied lights of the courts are seen, and each is filled with a diversified group. The sky above appears clear as in broad day, while numberless convent towers cut upon its pale blue surface, and in the tortuous streets the long dark shadows of a passenger, or an immovable lover waiting for the object of his passion, are cast on the white walls of the irregular habitations. Here an abutment throws a line of shade on a building, there a tower darkens all below, while the broad flash of light glares upon half a street. In the deep stillness of all around the mind enters within itself, no longer disturbed by the business of the day; it has leisure for reflection, and the venerable antiquities around recalling the many years that have passed over them, the imagination depicts another and an earlier age, when the treasures of America floated to these shores, and the Spanish name caused terror to all Europe. In a still more extended range, it may figure to itself the iron visages of the Goths, and the turbaned Arabs, amongst whom a glance from the jet black eye of beauty to a lover, was a fatal luxury, often purchased by his blood. Boiling and impetuous, but kind and docile, the veins of the Andalusians are still filled with the life-drops of their African ancestors; wild and untamed, their every movement betrays the freedom of the roving camp, when amidst the fire of battle, or the whirlwind of the desert, all are equal, and rage and sympathy alone have place in the heart, where existence is too uncertain to tutor conduct to prudence, and pleasure too rare to be resisted, or accepted without greediness and passion. Clanship still exists in Spain; a point of honour in the great is to support the weak, even in conduct contrary to law; while an intrusive swain, prowling for conquests, is chased by the whole neighbourhood from the

quarter to which he is unknown, as the birds unite to drive away the stranger from their flocks. The houses of this town are perhaps the most picturesque in the world. You enter them from a porch, or 'zaguan,' to a court, round which are marble columns, and these are found not only in the principal but even in ordinary habitations. The arches between the columns support galleries or rooms above. It is usual to inhabit the ground-floor in summer time, and the upper story in winter: in the former season a canvass veil is placed over the whole court during the heat of the day, and removed at night, when the family collect together to receive friends under the galleries or in the courts, whilst flowers are placed round a fountain which generally plays in the centre, the courts being often paved with marble. The lamps which hang around the walls in symmetrical arrangement, the bubbling of the water, the fragrance of the flowers, the mystical green branches which spring up in every direction from large earthen pots, give an appearance of romance, which, added to the broken lights, the irregular architecture of the buildings, and the white Ionic columns of marble, present in every house a varying subject for the draughtsman or painter. To the sides of the walls are attached mirrors, which reflect all around, and pictures, amongst which were once found works of art that would delight the connoisseur. Now, indeed, from the all-intruding gold of foreigners, and the want of taste of the natives, the places of the best have been supplied by coloured lithographs of the French and English schools. It has been calculated that 30,000 marble columns exist in Seville, but there assuredly must be a much larger number, for many are buried in the walls, others covered with plaster, and on an average every house possesses six."

[To be continued.]

*Old Ballads, from Early Printed Copies of the Utmost Rarity. Now for the first time Collected.* Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A. 12mo. pp. 131. London, 1840. Printed for the Percy Society.

WE have more than once mentioned the formation of the Society whose first publication we have now the pleasure to introduce to the world. It is curious in itself, and full of promise for the Literary Association from which it emanates. Like the Camden Society, but limited to a less numerous circle, so that its productions may still retain a considerable portion of their ancient value of *rarity*, the Percy proposes to publish "ancient ballads, songs, plays, minor pieces of poetry, and popular literature," all of them scarce; some of them unique, and others for the first time collected and classed together. The design is excellent, and there are abundant stores from which to execute it in the most interesting manner. Nor let the uninformed run away with the notion that such objects are merely trifling, or simply specimens of poetry justly fallen into oblivion, or knick-knacks of minute antiquarian research. Amongst them are found the most genuine traits and pictures of the age to which they belong; often striking illustrations of history and historical character; lively descriptions of the costume, and manners, and modes of life, of our ancestors; and, in fact, notices of every topic that can engage the human mind, either for entertainment or philosophical study. Give us the songs, and we will give all the rest, including even the sermons: they do indeed reflect the people, and in their day have had a powerful influence in forming them. The works already suggested or announced

for publication by the Percy Society embody a number of such pieces; and, from the names of some of its contributors, we may safely anticipate many more. But to Mr. Collier and its *début*—

"The following ballads (he states) are reprinted from the original broadsides, which were published at various dates between the middle of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. Nearly all of them are from the only existing copies; and of the few which are not absolutely unique, not more than two or three impressions are known. It was thought that they would be a curious and valuable addition to the published specimens of our early popular literature, and therefore an appropriate commencement to the labours of the Percy Society. The reader who has devoted attention to relics of this description will not be surprised to observe among the contributors to the present volume such popular ballad-writers as William Elderton, Thomas Churchyard, and Thomas Deloney; but he will peruse with great interest the compositions of men like John Skelton, Richard Tarlton, William Fulwood, and Thomas Preston, now for the first time included among authors of this class; while the names of Stephen Peele, Ralph Norris, and Robert Seall, will be new to our most learned antiquaries. The ballads are reprinted precisely as they stand in the old copies (including the titles and the imprints), with the exception of corrected punctuation. Such illustrative matter as was considered necessary will be found to precede each separate production."

Twenty-five poems are contained in a neat volume of 131 pages; and the first to which we shall advert is

"The Pangs and Fits of Love.

"Herbert (as quoted in Dibdin's 'Typ. Ant.' iii. 553) mentions the license of a ballad to Richard Lant, under the title of 'The Pangs of Love,' but until very recently it was not known to have been published. It is precisely in the same measure, and with the same burden, as a song in the interlude of 'The Trial of Treasure' ('Hist. of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage,' ii. 331), which was printed in 1567, while what follows came from the press of Lant in 1559, eleven years later than any dated performance by him yet discovered. The initials, W. E., at the end, are doubtless those of the celebrated William Elderton; and, making allowances for misprints and clerical errors (such as Priamus for Piramus, in the fifth stanza, &c.), it is a very favourable specimen of his skill as a poet.

"The Pangs of Love and Lovers Fittes.

Was not good kyng Salomon  
Ravished in sondry wyse,  
With every livelle Paragon  
That glistered before his eyes?

If this be true, as trewe it was,  
Lady! lady!  
Why should not I serve you, alas,  
My deare lady?

When Paris was enamoured  
With Helena, dame bewties peare,  
Whom Venus first him promised  
To ventor on, and not to feare,  
What sturdy stormes endured he,  
Lady! lady!

To winne her love, or it would be,  
My deare lady.

Knowe ye not, how Troylus  
Lanquished and lost his joye,  
With fittes and fevers mervailous  
For Cresseda that dwelt in Troye;  
Tyll pytle planted in her brest,

Ladie! ladie!  
To slepe with him, and graunt him rest,  
My deare lady.

I read sometime howe venterous  
Leander was in love to please,  
Who swomme the waters perillous  
Of Abidon, those surging seas,  
To come to her where as she lay,  
Ladie! ladie!

Tyll he was drowned by the waye,  
My deare lady.

What say you then to Priamus,  
That promised his love to mete,  
And founde by fortune mervellous  
A bloudie clothe before his feete?

For Tybides sake hym selfe he slewe,  
Ladie! ladie!  
To prove that he was a lover trewe,  
My deare lady.

When Hercules for Erionie  
Murdered a monster fell,  
He put him selfe in jeopardy  
Perillous, as the story tell,  
Heskerlinge her upon the shore,

Ladie! ladie!  
Which els by lot had died therfore,  
My deare lady!

Anaxeretes bewtiful,  
When Iphis did beholde and see,  
With sighes and sobbings pitifull,  
That Paragon longe wooed he;  
And when he could not wyne her so,

Ladie! ladie!  
He went and houghe him selfe for wee,  
My deare lady.

Besides these matters mervellous,  
Good lady, yet I can tell the more;  
The Gods have ben full amorous,  
As Jupiter by learned lore,  
Who changed his shap, as fame hath spread,

Ladie! ladie!  
To come to Alcimenes bed,  
My deare lady.

And if bewtie bred such blisfulness,  
Enamouring both God and man,  
Good lady, let not wilfulness,  
Exasperate your bewtie, then,  
To slaye the hertes, that yeld and crave,

Ladie! ladie!  
The graunt of your good wil to have,  
My deare lady.

Finis. Qd. W. E.

Imprinted at London in Smithfield in the Parish of Saynt

Bartholomeues Hospital by

Richard Lant

An. Dni. M.D. lxx. xxiij. Mar."

The following stanzas from "The Lamentation of Follie," by William Elderton, affords a favourable idea of his talents:—

"What surety is in man,  
What truth or trust at all,  
Which frameth what he can  
To worke unworthy thrall?

Oppression hath bene free,  
The poore alas be spoyled,  
Maldes and wives be ravished,  
The simple are beguiled.

Lawe is made a libertie,  
And right is overthrowne;  
Faith is but a foolish thing,  
Falsehood is alone.

Pride is counted clemensse,  
And theft is but a slight,  
Whoredome is but wantonnesse,  
And waste is but delight.

Spilling is but pleasure,  
Riot is but youth,  
Slauder is a laughing game,  
And lying counted truth.

Marriage is but mockage,  
The children counted base:  
Thus right is wronged every way  
In our accursed case.

Flatterie is the forte of fame,  
And treuth is troden downe;  
The innocent do beare the blame,  
The wicked winne renowne.

Thus Sathan hath prevailed long,  
And we for want of grace  
Have troden vertue under foote,  
And vice hath taken place."

Thomas Brice, "against filthy writing," might be read with great advantage in our day. Many of the ballads are bitterly anti-Romish. Here is part of one:—

"A letter to Rome to declare to the pope  
John Felton his freend is hand in a rope:  
And farther, a right his grace to enforme  
He dyed a papist and seemd not to turne.

To the tune of Row well ye Mariners.

• • • • •

Ryng all the belles in Rome,

To doe his sinfull soule some good:

Let that be done right soone,

Because that he hath shed his blood.

His quarters stand not all together,

But ye mai hap to ring them thether

In place where you would have them be;

Then might you doe as pleaseth ye:

For whye? they hang

Unshryned each one upon a stang:

Thus standes the case,

On London gates they have a place.

His head upon a pole

Standa waving in the whirling wynd,

But where should be his soule

To you belongeth for to fynd!



I wish you Purgatorie looke,  
And search each corner with your hooke,  
Lest it might chance, or you be ware,  
The Devils to calke him in a snare.  
Yf ye him see,  
From Purgatorie set him free:  
Let not, trudge than,  
Fetch Felton out, and yf ye can.  
I wish you now, sir Pope,  
To loke unto your faithful freendes,  
That in your Bulles have hope  
To have your pardon for their sinnes:  
For here, I tell you, every lad  
Doth scoff and scorne your bulles to bad,  
And thinke they shall the better fare,  
For hatyng of your cursed ware.  
Now doe I end;  
I came to show you as a frend :  
Whether blisse or curse,  
You send to me, I am not the worse."

"The Pope's Lamentation," by Thomas Preston, on the defeat of the rebels in Northumberland, is more humorous, but equally sarcastic. We particularly commend it to notice.

"A Warning to London by the Fall of Antwerp," by Rafe Norris, is a poem full of matter, and remarkable for its versification. Thus:—

"Let Antwerp warning be,  
Thou stately London, to beware,  
Lest, resting in thy glee,  
Thou wrapt thy self in wretched care.  
Be vigilant, sleepe not in sin,  
Lest that thy foe doe enter in:  
Keep sure thy trench, prepare thy shot:  
Watch wel, so shall no foill be got.  
Stand fast, play thy part  
Quail not, but shew an English hart.  
Dout, dread, still fear,  
For Antwerps plague appoeth neer."

The fable of "The Lark and her Family," so often repeated in after-times, is here in its earliest form; but one of the most descriptive and curious of the collection is "Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury." Mr. Collier says:—

"It would be idle to conjecture to whom the initials 'T. J.' at the end of this spirited ballad belong: had it been some half century later, it would have been confidently assigned to Thomas Jordan, who was a prolific penman of pieces of this class. The production itself is nowhere mentioned, and the only known writer of about that period whose name corresponds is Thomas Jeney, who, in 1568, printed 'A Discours of the present Troobles in Fraunce,' translated from Ronsard. It is improbable, both from the date and style, that the ballad should have been by him. It gives a few particulars respecting the queen's visit to the camp at Tilbury not found in contemporary historians. The date when the ballad was printed was, of course, shortly anterior to the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

"A Joyful Song of the Royall Receiving of the Queene Most Excellent Majestie into her Highnesse Camps at Tilburie, in Essex: on Thursday and Fryday the Eighth and Ninth of August 1588.

To the tune of Triumph and Joy.

Good English men, whose valliant harts,  
With courage great and manly partes,  
Doe minde to daunt the overthwarts  
Of any foe to England.  
Attend a while, and you shall here  
What love and kindnesse doth appeare  
From the princely mind of our love deare  
Elizabeth Queene of England.  
To cheare her souldiers one and all,  
Of honour great or title small,  
And by what name you will them call:  
Elizabeth Queene of England.

The time being dangerous now, ye know,  
That forraigne emities to and fro  
For to invade us make a show,

And our good Queene of England,  
Her Majestie by grave advice,  
Considering how the danger lyes,  
By all good meanes she can devise

For the safetie of all England,  
Hath pointed men of honour right,  
With all the speede they could or might,  
A campe of men there should be pight  
On Tilburie hill in England.

Her grace being given to understand  
The mightie power of this her land,  
And the willing harts thereon she fand  
From every shire in England:  
The mightie troups have shewed the same,  
That day by day to London came,  
From shires and townes too long to name,  
To serve the Queene of England.

Her grace, to glad their harts againe,  
In princely person tooke the paine  
To honour the troups and martiall traine  
In Tilburie campe in England.

On Thursday the eighth of August last  
Her Majestie by water past,  
When stormes of winde did blow so fast,  
Would feare some folke in England;  
And at her forte she went on land,  
That neare to Tilburie (strong) doth stand,  
Where all things furnisht there she fand  
For the safe defence of England.  
The great shot then did rage and roare,  
Replied by a forte on the other shore,  
Whose pouderd pellets, what would ye have more,  
Would feare any foe in England.  
Her highnesse then to the campe did goe,  
The order there to see and know,  
Which her Lord Generall did dutifullly showe  
In Tilburie campe in England:  
And everie capitaine to her came,  
And every officer of fame,  
To show their dutie and their name  
To their soveraign Queene of England.  
Of tents and cabins thousands three,  
Some built with bowes and many a tree,  
And many of canvase she might see  
In Tilburie campe in England."

We are sorry we have not room for the whole, but we must leave the remainder, and the "Execution of Luke Hutton," a celebrated highwayman and housebreaker, whose memoirs would vie with Turpin's or Sheppard's, to those who are fortunate enough to procure the little volume of the *Percy* which has furnished us with so much various matter. We cannot, however, bring ourselves not to give a taste of our friend Luke (who, after one pardon in London, was hanged at York). The dying swain carols thus:—

"Not twentie yeeres old, alas was I,  
Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly!  
When I begun this felonie,  
Be warned yong wantons, hem passeth green holly,  
With me went still twentie yeomen tall,  
Which I wed my twelve Apostles call.  
Lord Jesu forgive me, with mercy releve me,  
Releve, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.  
There was no squire nor baron bold,  
Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly!  
That rode the way with silver or gold,  
Be warned yong wantons, &c.  
But I and my twelve Apostles gaie  
Would lighten their load ere they went away.  
Lord, &c.

This newes procured my kins-folkes grieve,  
Ah woe is me, woe is me!  
They hearing I was a famous theefe,  
Be warned yong wantons,  
They wept, they wailede, they wrong their hands,  
That thus I should hazard life and lands.  
Lord, &c.

Before the judges when I was brought,  
Ah woe is me, &c.  
Be sure I had a careful thought,  
Be, &c.  
Nine score inditements and seaventeene  
Against me there was read and seene.  
Lord, &c.

Aduce my loving friends each one:  
Ah woe is me, woe is me, for my great folly!  
Thinke on my words when I am gone.  
Be warned yong wantons, &c.  
When on the ladder you shall me view,  
Thinke I am neerer heaven then you,  
Lord, &c.

*Queen Victoria, from her Birth to her Bridal.*  
2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

There is a class of dramas which our neighbours t'other side the water call *pièces des circonstances*; and this is a publication, not dramatic, which might be located with that class.

From "her birth to her bridal" is nicely alliterative, otherwise it might have been wished to postpone the biography till somewhere about the middle of November, when, as court gossips tell us, another event might be commemorated, and of so much importance as to give another title to the book. Perhaps it may create a demand for a new edition with *additions*!

As it is, the volumes before us are chiefly a selection, or rather collection, of reports, anecdotes, &c. &c., from the newspapers; though sometimes the compiler treats us to an original

passage. For example, after their union in 1818, the Duke and Duchess of Kent resided at the Castle of Amorbach (just the name for a honeymoon), and we are told:—

"When, however, it appeared that the duchess was likely to add a scion to the royal line of Great Britain, the Duke of Kent felt a patriotic wish that the heir of his house should be English-born. It was no light sacrifice, as may be supposed, when the Duchess of Kent, in compliance with this wish, consented to bid adieu to Amorbach, the palace where she had resided with the husband of her youth, the late Prince of Leiningen, and which had been left to her by him as her residence, together with the guardianship of their children. But she acted on this occasion as became the wife of an English prince, and the mother of the future sovereign of Great Britain."

We hope the writer will forgive us for thinking that this is representing and expressing but a poor compliment to the duchess, who must have thought one living prince, whom she had preferred and married, worth any recollections of a dead one.

Of the anecdotes, and the way in which they are told, the following may serve as a sample:—

"An agonising accident happened during the royal visit to Torquay, which occasioned much mental suffering to the princess. A shoemaker of the town made a very elegant pair of shoes, of which he intended to solicit the Princess Victoria's acceptance; and in his eagerness to present them, he pressed through the crowd to approach the royal carriage; when, unfortunately, the bayonet of one of the yeomanry belonging to the guard of honour ran accidentally into his eye, and completely forced it from its socket. The duchess and the youthful princess, who both witnessed the accident, were exceedingly distressed by it: they immediately ordered that the poor man should be placed under the care of a skilful surgeon, and that the greatest care should be taken of him, at their expense. The duchess afterwards settled a pension upon him for life, intimating at the same time that, in case he should lose the sight of his other eye, which it was feared would happen, the pension should be doubled."

At the coronation:—

"The appearance of the youthful sovereign was indeed touchingly interesting. Her fair hair was simply parted, and folded in what are called Madonna bands, and arranged at the back of her head in a Grecian knot. She wore the picturesque garland-shaped diadem of the Plantagenet sovereigns, only in a much lighter form, composed of very fine brilliants set transparently, which, from their perfect absence of colour and pellucid brightness, resembled a wreath of hawthorn-blossoms covered with tremulous dewdrops. \* \* \* Surely never did any British sovereign receive inauguration under circumstances so truly splendid and imposing! It was enough to overpower the faculties of proud, stern man, accustomed to command in councils and in camps. What, then, must have been its effect on the mind of a young and sensitive female, with all the ardour and romance of the morning of life about her? Yet she appeared serene and self-possessed when she arose from her private devotion, and with quiet dignity seated herself in the recognition-chair. Behind this chair stood, in varied graceful attitudes, like attendant nymphs round their tutelary goddess, her lovely trainbearers. Nothing could be more elegant and appropriate than the costume of those young ladies. They were as nearly as possible matched in height and contour, and dressed

precisely alike, in white satin, with garlands of maiden-blush roses in their hair. This whole group, with their sovereign lady in the centre, have since formed subjects for our first historical painters. The noble trainbearers of the queen were rivalled, if not excelled, by the charms of some of the maids of honour, who, in their wreaths of white roses, and robes of the same virgin hue, looked like a bevy of angels hovering round their maiden queen."

The Archbishop of Canterbury might have lost his heart among them: he certainly looked pale, whatever it was owing to.

"At the conclusion of the year 1839, it was found that the queen, though not in debt, had expended every shilling of her income: a fact that led to the knowledge of proceedings on her part with which, even now, the public are not generally acquainted. The painful circumstances of pecuniary difficulty in which her royal highness the Duchess of Kent was left a widow are no secret. These circumstances had naturally led to involvement of debt on her own account, which gave that excellent princess great pain. It was the firm and honourable resolve of the royal Victoria, that the name of neither of her beloved parents should be discussed in the senate of her country, with requisitions for the payment of debts. After paying her father's debts, with interest, out of the savings of her maiden reign, she resolved that her living parent's heart should no longer be loaded with the worst of anxieties. But she kept her intentions secret, and invited herself to breakfast with her illustrious mother on the last birthday of the duchess, who saw a packet directed to her on the breakfast-table by the side of her plate. On opening it, the Duchess of Kent found it contained receipts for every outstanding debt she had in the world. The wisdom of this action, preceding as it did the premeditated change in her majesty's life, was great; for expenses, she foresaw, would inevitably increase upon her after her marriage, which might leave her in the painful predicament of unfulfilled good intentions. Such a position by no means suits the sterling, though unpretending character of our queen. She could encounter personal privation, but not the relinquishment of the good she had from childhood bent all the energies of her character on doing. Yes—nothing less than personal privation; for she had set her mind, about this time, on possessing a pair of bracelets of a new pattern, which had been sent to her for her approval. Their price amounted but to the humble sum of 25*l*. Just as she was fitting them on, one of her ladies entered with a petition from the widow of a veteran officer who had served under the Duke of Kent. The widow and her family were in great and undeserved distress. The queen listened to the narrative, took off the bracelets, replaced them silently in their case, and handed over the 25*l*. with which she meant to have purchased them, to the relief of the widow. Her honourable and dutiful feelings towards her parents had first made 25*l*. an object to her, and she then sacrificed that small sum, which might have procured her a personal indulgence, to charity!"

It is melancholy to reflect on the privations to which our dear young queen has been, or may, be exposed—"tis nonsense in the extreme to talk of them. Would to Heaven we could avert from her other real ills which all flesh is heir to! Our author (?) dresses up matters in the most ornate style. For instance, an anecdote which she derived from *The Literary Gazette*, and which the "Morning Post,"

proving itself, as the lawyers say, "out of court," ignorantly questioned. We trust the Glass of Fashion will reflect upon this, and be more circumspect in future, now that it catches the story in an actual printed and published book:—

"The following anecdote of Prince Albert's courtship proves him an accomplished wooer. At one of the palace balls, just before the queen declared her engagement with her royal cousin to her council, she presented his serene highness with her bouquet. This flattering indication of her favour might have involved a less quick-witted lover in an awkward dilemma, for his uniform jacket was fastened up to the chin, after the Prussian fashion, and offered no button-hole wherein to place the precious gift. But the prince, in the very spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh, seized a penknife, and immediately slit an aperture in his dress next his heart, and there triumphantly deposited the royal flowers. The common report is, that the prince made a declaration of his love the same evening; but the truth is, that every arrangement of that nature had been made many months before, under the sanction of her royal highness the Duchess of Kent. Nevertheless, it was necessary for the queen to speak as queen; for such of our readers as are little versed in courtly etiquettes may not be aware that, whether regarding the selection of a partner for life, or a partner for a dance, it devolves upon a queen regnant to declare her choice, and select her own."

And no fear of privations, eh?  
*God Save the Queen.*

*Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus, in Sind and Kaubool, in 1838-9.* By R. H. Kennedy, M.D., late Chief of the Medical Staff of the Bombay Division, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

WE have so recently gone over this ground with Major Outram, Dr. Kennedy's associate on the expedition from Bombay, that we have only from this second narrative of the same course, and, generally, of the same events, to pick out what novelties occurred to, and what observations were made by, the later writer as illustrative of the volumes now before us. Two gentlemen walking down the same street see so many different things, or things in different lights, that their respective accounts of them may be listened to with satisfaction; and should it happen that instead of a street their route should extend over a large tract of interesting country, and they should be engaged in very important transactions, the likelihood is that their narratives should both be agreeable, and tend to fill up a more complete history of the circumstances, than any single relation could do. Such is the case with Dr. Kennedy's supplement to Major Outram; and we have to add, that it is the work of a man evidently of high abilities, and considerable experience in Indian affairs.

With regard to the great question involved in the late extension of the British frontier beyond the Indus, Dr. Kennedy seems to fear future evil; but at any rate he declares that "come weal, come woe," the fruits must be immediate, and that the oldest persons engaged in the war will live to see them. On several occasions he censures the conduct of the expedition, and describes many of its operations as dilatory, hazardous, and ill-organised. Lord Keane seems to be no favourite with him; and others also come in for comments neither flattering to their capacities nor conduct. But with these matters we shall not intermeddle

farther than our extracts may touch upon them.

For instance:—

"His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief soon found that he had left Bombay ten days sooner than he had any occasion for. Had he sent the steamer with troops, and the agent for transports, and allowed her to return for himself and personal staff, he would have found on his arrival that he had something to do beyond being a spectator of the disembarkation: as it was, he detained the steamer merely for his personal accommodation, he remaining on board, and she at anchor, from November 27th to December 3d; whereas, had he waited a fortnight in Bombay, it might have brought and landed a regiment, and been sent to Maudavie to bring up the 23d Bombay native infantry and foot artillery during that period, and then have returned to Bombay and brought up his excellency again, before the camp on shore could have been formed and prepared for any forward movement."

At Tatta:—

"On this ground it was decided that the British force to be stationed in Sind should be cantoned; the lines for one European and two native regiments, and a company of artillery, were measured and fixed on. My professional opinion was never asked; but I did not fail to enter my earnest and unqualified protest against any location of troops on this ground: this protest was disregarded, and the most disastrous results followed: but of this hereafter."

At Kandahar, Dr. Kennedy strongly blames a delay of two months, and says:—

"The object to be gained by this halt, or the necessity that enforced it, should be most minutely entered into; for it was the delay at Kandahar that nullified the advantages gained by the unexpected success of the advance so far; the inexplicable folly of Miraub, khan of Khelaut, who could compromise himself beyond any possibility of retreat, and yet dared not proceed to active measures; the defection of Haji Khan Kaukur, and the flight of the Sirdars of Kandahar; and though last, not least, the non-appearance of Russia and Persia on the stage. This must unquestionably be considered the chief marvel; a very few thousands of Russian money, judiciously advanced, would have held together enough of Dost Mahomed's army to have employed us at least another campaign: and this forbearance either proves that the declarations of the Russian government are to the letter honest, and that the movement of their agent on Kaubool was unauthorised; or, as is most probably the case, that the real aim of Russia is on Constantinople, and the feint on Kaubool was either to distract our attention, or to prepare an equivalent to be conceded to us by a far-sighted diplomacy whenever our interference in the Bosphorus required to be averted. The natives with whom I conversed had but one opinion; and their surprise knew no bound that Brigadier Sale's party did not advance on Kelaut-i-Ghilji and Ghinzi, instead of Ghirisk. There was no force in the country which could have attacked or put a weak brigade in jeopardy; and we found more provisions on that route than anywhere else in the country. Had the worst occurred that could possibly befall, Brigadier Sale could have defended himself until reinforced from the rear. Our subsequent advance seems to prove that these opinions were correct: that a small force advancing could have obtained supplies; and that all the contingency and hazards of Ghizni might, as far as we have the means of judging, have been averted by

less dilatory measures. To compare our proceedings with the energy that won India, would be paying a poor compliment to the master-spirits of the past generation.

"We were at once apprised that our halt at Kandahar depended on the harvest, and would exceed a month, to enable the standing crops to be reaped, in order to provide our commissariat with the means of advance. In the meanwhile flour was purchased by government at the rate of two and a half, or even one and a half seer, or three pounds, per rupee, and issued to the troops and followers to the amount of half-rations of a pound to fighting-men, and half a pound to followers, at the rate of fifteen seers, or thirty pounds per rupee. The number thus fed at such a price was roughly estimated at eighty thousand. The baggage-train of even the Bombay column was oppressively burdensome; the Bengal followers were quadruple. As a specimen, poor Brigadier Arnold was said to have had upwards of sixty servants. My tail of sixteen, including four camel-men, was considered equal to my rank, and a liberal allowance in the Bombay column. In the Bengal lines I should have been held to be very economical, and very ill provided for: but the wages of my sixteen would exceed the amount paid in the Bengal camp to double that number; and I was certainly a gainer to have fewer to feed, as I had hands enough for all I had for them to do. The original draft of the campaign is said to have been that Shah Soojah was to be acknowledged the sovereign of Kaulbool, and that the arrears of tribute due from Sind should form the golden sword that should win him his kingdom; whilst the British name was to be his shield and tower of strength, to enable him to wrest those arrears from Sind, and take the first tottering steps he required to make in the uncertainty and fears of the infant feebleness of his pretension. The Sind tribute, which would have been required to be paid, had Kaulbool been competent to enforce it, would have been nine lakhs of rupees per annum, since 1805; that is to say, two hundred and ninety-six lakhs, without interest, or nearly three millions sterling. One-sixth of this, or even one-third, could not be considered an unrighteous demand, provided we can dismiss the minor question of previous acquisition of right, how justified? and present ground of demand, how asserted? Pass that, and the rest presents no difficulty. The Bombay column could have settled Sind unopposed; and in the days of Governor Duncan a single brigade would have taken Hyderabad as easily as Sir Frederick Maitland and Brigadier Valiant took Kurachy; Sind and the Indus would have been British; and Shah Soojah would have been restored, without a single demand on the British treasury, in less time than it cost us to land in the Hujamry, and advance unresisted to Kandahar. The assistance of British officers and the British arsenals, to equip and discipline Shah Soojah's levies, would have given him an army of his own in six months superior to any thing that Dost Mahomed could possibly have opposed to him; and England needed not to have spent the three millions, which would have been better bestowed elsewhere; nor yet to have appeared in the front rank, risking that fearful collision with Russia, which might have set Europe in the blaze of a general war, had the energy of Lord Auckland's secretariat been met by a similar energy in the cabinet of St. Petersburg. Autocracy has its advantages as well as its evils, or it could not last. An autocrat, if insane, is strangled; and, if not, he will not

commence a war without first providing the means to pay for it. Russia had not the means for war, and therefore there was no war; and the eye of Russia has been hitherto on Constantinople: but Austria, France, and Russia, hedge the way to the Hellespont; and we are liberally providing the means for an advance eastward. Our expenditure in Kandahar and Kaulbool surpasses all that those districts have seen or dreamed of in the past century, and has filled the country with money. The enriching, the fertilising process of the next ten years, which must result from wealth and peace, will convert the bare valleys of Afghanistan into a garden; the districts we found deserts will become populous clusters of villages, and we are not to compare the future with the past. We are smoothening the way, and providing the resources, for the advance of an enemy from the West. For thirty years we have shuddered and trembled at this bugbear; and every step we have taken, in Persia first, and last, and most fatally, in Afghanistan, has been to facilitate the very result we opposed: we appear, like a moth, to have flown round and round the flame, and at last to have run headlong into it."

Up the river, we are told:—

"At these places we first saw the pulla fishery on the Indus; a piscatory pursuit which more nearly reduces the human form divine into an aquatic beast of prey than Izaak Walton, or any disciple of the 'gentle craft,' could have contemplated by the silver Thames. A large, light, and thin earthen vessel, of the strong and unequalled pottery of the Indus' clay so thoroughly baked, forms the fisherman's float: it is fully four feet in diameter, and about thirty inches high; of a very flattened form, and exceedingly buoyant. On this the fisherman balances himself on his stomach: covering the short neck and small aperture at top, and launching himself forth on the current, paddles with his legs behind to steer his course, drifting with the stream, and holding his pouch open to receive the prey; which, when caught, he deposits in his reservoir, the vessel he floats on. The pulla is an oily fish of a very strong potted-lobster flavour, and greatly admired by our gourmands; but it is unfortunately most detestably bony, and that to a degree which renders it scarcely safe for an unwarned and hungry traveller to venture on it. We were divided in our opinion of the flavour; some pronounced it a resemblance to salmon, others to mackerel or potted-lobster: my recollection of Edinburgh caller herrings was revived, and the well-experienced in fresh herrings agreed with me; but the pulla is intensely stronger. The fish we saw averaged twenty inches in length, and might weigh a pound and a half, or nearly two pounds: the shoals are migratory, and ascend the river as far as Bukka, betwixt January and April. The natives imagine that they travel thither on a religious pilgrimage to the shrine of Kajun Kizir; and gravely assure us that, on attaining and swimming round the holy islet and shrine of the saint, they followed our St. James's court etiquette, where no courtier's back can possibly be turned upon sacred royalty, and that the poor pilgrim fishes never presented their tails towards the hallowed Kuddum zah (footstep-place) of the saint till fairly round, and back again past the islet."

Dr. Kennedy's details of the severe marches through the Bolan pass agree with those of Major Outram; and we deplore to add that they also agree in the account of the native robber attacks and punishments:—

"At Soony," says Dr. K., "was first exercised the final summary proceeding of martial law on offenders detected, *flagrante delicto*, in the very act of carrying off camels and baggage: two Beloochies, so arrested, were hung here by order of Sir John Keane. The village authorities being warned of the displeasure of the British government if the bodies were touched, 'You must hang them very high then, and cut away the lower branches,' replied the local potentate; 'for the whole population of these borders are such arrant thieves, that they will dislodge the dead from their airy swinging-place for the sake of the ropes you have bestowed to hang them.'"

"Every day was now destined to have its catastrophe: ten Beloochies had been summarily executed on this ground by Colonel Sandwith of the 1st regiment of Native Cavalry, under written orders from Sir John Keane, as his excellency passed with the Bengal column. The first order was a verbal one; but Colonel Sandwith, not liking it, required a written one, and received it on half a sheet of note paper. He has had the wisdom to preserve it. The poor wretches had their elbows secured, and were made to sit on the ground; when each had a bullet sent through his brain from a carbine. Lieutenant Loch, the officer who superintended the execution, spoke very feelingly of what he had been no willing agent in. Some of them, he said, sat quietly down and submitted to their fate; some resisted, and, to keep them quiet, the execution-party fastened their heads together by their long luxuriant hair, which served to secure them for their destruction. Two young lads seemed horrified to bewilderment by their fears, and implored for mercy, seizing the feet and knees of the superintending officer; but they were made to sit down. Ere the fatal volley exploded, they were endeavouring to embrace, leaning their heads against each other, weeping bitterly their last farewell. This was sad work, and did no good: we were robbed, and our camels stolen at every stage."

We conclude for this week, endeavouring to forget the image of this carnage.

*Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, of the late James Smith, Esq., one of the Authors of "The Rejected Addresses."* Edited by his Brother, Horace Smith, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

RECEIVED on Thursday, we can only notice, and cannot review, this grateful memorial of a brother's affections for one whom all who knew him liked and esteemed. The gentle and pleasing, and invariably good-humoured Yorick of modern society, it is with melancholy pleasure we trace the recollections of James Smith. Of him his biographer truly says:—

"To those anonymous writers who have formed, during a course of many years, the delight and ornament of our periodical literature, evincing the talents without achieving the renown of recognised and successful authorship, it is no more than a bare act of justice to collect, after their decease, the scattered products of their fancy, and to consolidate them, in each case, into a monument which may record the name, appropriate the writings, and prolong the memory, of him to whom it is dedicated. It would be difficult to select an individual better entitled to this posthumous honour than the late James Smith, whose prolific muse cared not upon what shrine she deposited her offerings, and whose good-humour prompted



him to such a ready compliance with the constant applications for occasional contributions of every description, that it has become almost impossible to recover the whole of these truly fugitive pieces, or even to ascertain the full extent of the literary paternity to which he may lay claim."

Born in 1775, of respectable parents, his father being Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, our late friend was educated at Chigwell in Essex, and from early years displayed a decided partiality for the muse. He courted them from boyhood in many an ephemeral and fugitive form, though it was not till the extraordinary popularity of "The Rejected Addresses" (written in conjunction with his brother Horace) that he ripened into the full fruition of public fame. After this a life of literary ease and gratification was his happy lot, and we are told,—

"There is much acuteness in the remark made by Lady Blessington, that if James Smith had not been a man of wit, he would have achieved a much higher reputation. Having won the prize which appeared to him the only worthy object of contention—a welcome reception wherever he went, and a distinguished position in society—he wanted all motives for further and more serious exertion. Perhaps, also, his wonderful memory, a gift seldom favourable to originality, contributed to the same result; for he who can recall the thoughts and opinions of the great intellects of the world, upon all the leading subjects wherein the world is interested, will deem it an unnecessary trouble if he be an indolent man, and presumptuous if he be a modest one, to obtrude his own reflections on the public. It is much easier to repeat than to compose; and though the Muses, we are told, are the daughters of Memory, Necessity is the mother of Invention. Although larger in bulk, and more important in character, James Smith's contributions to Mr. Mathews' entertainments hardly form an exception to the remarks we have just made; for they were so congenial to the general character of his mind, and tone of his conversation, as to be thrown off with a marvellous facility. An olio of songs, jokes, puns, and laughter-stirring merriment, occasionally rising into wit, but more frequently assuming the character of farce and extravagance, was mere pastime to a mind like his, which was an inexhaustible storehouse of such materials; and there can be little doubt that the writer found quite as much pleasure in composing, as the spectator in witnessing, these merry mockeries, in which the author and the actor are equally 'at home.' 'Smith is the only man,' Mathews used to say, 'who can write clever nonsense,'—and of all living humorists, Mathews was the refined intellectual wag, and dramatic imitator, best calculated to give full and irresistible effect to 'clever nonsense;' though his powers, when the occasion required it, could take a much higher range. Both might well deem themselves fortunate in their alliance, when, in 1820, the 'Country Cousins' made their first appearance at the English Opera, and for many succeeding nights convulsed the town with laughter. Their brilliant success stimulating the author to achieve further triumphs of the same nature, he produced, in the two succeeding years, and with the same prosperous result, the 'Trip to France,' and the 'Trip to America.' Sheridan once said of Dundas, that he trusted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his jokes,—an observation that might be applied literally, and not in an invidious sense, to these hasty pro-

ductions, the writer of which first imagined a slight story or framework, and then filled it up with jests, which were as often recollected as extemporised. Neither wild fancies and merry conceits, however (whether old or new), nor the face, voice, and manner of the actor, constituted the chief merit of these motley compositions; for they exhibited touches of true comedy, as well as various and faithful traits of life and character, which none but a man of wit, in the higher acceptance of that term, and a close observer of society, could have produced. Mr. Mathews, who was a most liberal and generous man, although he had occasionally received gratuitous assistance from his ally, paid him a thousand pounds for these latter works,—a sum to which the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating, 'A thousand pounds for nonsense!' At other times he would contrast this large amount with the miserable fifteen pounds given to Milton for his 'Paradise Lost;' reconciling himself, however, to the disproportion by quoting from the well-known couplet, that the real value of a thing 'is as much money as 't will bring;'—and adding, that his scramble stuff always filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury. At a later period he was still better paid for a more trifling exertion of his muse; for, having met at a dinner-party the late Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit* :—

Your lower limbs seem'd far from stout,  
When last I saw you walk;  
The cause I presently found out,  
When you began to talk.  
The power that props the body's length  
In due proportion spread,  
In you mounts upwards, and the strength  
All settles in the head.

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of three hundred pounds! Since the days of Sannazarius it may be questioned whether any bard has been more liberally remunerated for an equal number of lines. Mr. Strahan, however, had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet. In ancient times, as we know from some of the classical letters, the rich frequently left handsome legacies to favourite authors with whom they were personally unacquainted,—a fact to which the present writer has great pleasure in referring, in the hope that so laudable a custom may be revived!"

We will not travel further into the memoir, with the writer of which we cordially agree when he says that its subject was "a thorough gentleman." As a characteristic, we do not so entirely assent to his description of James's "merry laugh" as his *bon mots* exploded, or his piquant anecdotes told on the hearer. To us it always appeared to be rather a sort of inward satisfactory chuckle,—not hearty and hilarious, but a sort of appeal,—and so you like that, you shall have another:—a promise that rarely failed to amuse and delight. Besides the matters collected in these volumes, there are a few letters written during his later years to his accomplished friend Mrs. Torre Holme, the first of which we extract as a specimen of this agreeable epistolary correspondence:—

"Saturday, 26th August.

"My dear Mrs. Holme,—The interest that I take in the welfare of you and yours, has caused me to receive the communication in your

last letter with sincere pleasure.\* The philosophical book on the mind, by Combe, I have sent to Lady —, but will bring it you on Friday se'nnight, the 6th of September. Turn minutes to seconds, as some lyric poet requests of Time, that the period may sooner arrive. I dined yesterday at — House, where the Countess Guiccioli is on a visit; she is much improved in her English. When we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, coffee was introduced, and several little tottering daddy-long-legs tables were set out, whereon to deposit our cups. I and Madam G. had a table between us. I then ventured to touch upon Lord Byron. The subject evidently interested her. I repeated several passages from his 'Childe Harold,' with which she seemed quite familiar. She then asked me to give her some of my imitations of him from 'The Rejected Addresses.' These she did not seem quite so well to comprehend. I told her all I knew of him before he went abroad, to which, like Desdemona, 'she did seriously incline.' Bysse Shelley she denominates a good man. Leigh Hunt's name she pronounced *Leg Honte*. With tears in her eyes, she then decanted upon the merits and failings of the departed. When any sudden pause took place in the conversation at the other tables, she, evidently not wishing to be overheard, said, 'Bai an bai' (by and bye), and when the general buzz recommenced, she resumed the thread of her narration. Shelley 'disliked his 'Don Juan,' said I, 'and begged him to leave it off, calling it a Grub-Street poem.' 'A what?—what you mean by Grub Street?' I then explained to her the locality of that venerable haunt of the Muses, in the days of Pope and Swift, by a quotation from myself :—

'A spot near Cripple-gate extends,  
Grub Street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,  
Where (but that bards are never friends)  
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.'

'When he dined with me,' the countess continued, 'he ate no meat. Still haunted by a dread of growing fat, he very much injured his own health; yet his figure, notwithstanding, grew larger. Oh! he was very handsome! Beautiful eyes and eyelashes!—and such a spiritual expression of countenance! I had occasion to go to Ravenna upon some family business. We settled that he should not accompany me. At that time several people were plaguing him to go to Greece. Ah, he said, in his sportive manner, 'Let fourteen captains come and ask me to go, and go I will.' Well, fourteen captains came to him, and said, 'Here we are, will you now go?' He was ashamed to say he had only been joking (you know how fond he was of saying things in that light, joking sort of a way,) so it ended in his undertaking to go. He said to me, 'While you are at Ravenna, I will go to Greece, and we shall meet again when we both return.' God, however, he dispose of it otherwise. He was not well when he set out. In Greece they wanted to bleed him; he would not be bled, and so he die!' The countess paused, evidently much affected. I said nothing for a minute or two, and then observed, that I had read and heard much upon the subject she had been discussing, but that I did not know how she and Lord Byron first became acquainted. She looked at me a moment, as if wondering at my audacity, and then said, with a good-humoured smile, 'Well, I will tell you. I was one day—but here the drawing-room door opened, and some Frenchman with a foreign order was announced. The lady repeated her

\* Of her son having passed a good examination."

'Bai an bai' sotto voice, but, unfortunately, that 'Bai an bai' never arrived. The foreigner, unluckily, knew the countess; he, therefore, planted himself in a chair behind her, and held her ever and anon in a commonplace kind of conversation during the remainder of the evening. Count d'Orsay set me down in Craven Street. 'What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?' he inquired. 'She was telling me her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address.' 'What! it took her all that time to say that? Ah, Smeeth, you old humbug! that won't do.'—Believe me to remain,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES SMITH."

Mr. Smith's memory was of extraordinary tenacity. Many persons thought that he prepared himself for company by committing long passages of plays, novels, poems, and other literary productions to memory, to be retailed in conversation; but those who met him most frequently knew that this was not the case. His illustrations of most subjects which accidentally sprung up were fertile and copious to a striking extent; and it was this, in union with his ready wit and playful manner, which made him so entertaining a companion wherever he went.

We have now but room to copy a few brief miscellanies from the letters we have alluded to:—

"The people of Bath surpass the Athenian sage. He merely chewed the pebbles, but, according to the 'Morning Herald,' 'At Bath, the Victoria Column is in every body's mouth.'"

"To have both of your poems extracted by the critics, the one in *The Literary Gazette*, and the other in *The Examiner*, is a tolerably good start on the corso of Parnassus."

"It was mentioned that a certain confectioner thickened his isinglass with dissolved parchment, whereupon I observed that some fierce people made you eat your words, but that he ate his deeds."

"Lord Hertford, Croker, and myself, were at an exhibition of pictures. One of them, a domestic scene, I think, by Mulready, represented a husband carving a boiled leg of mutton. The orifice displayed the meat red and raw, and the husband was looking at his wife with a countenance of anger and disappointment. 'That fellow is a fool,' observed Lord Hertford; 'he does not see what an excellent broil he may have.'"

"I don't fancy painters. General Phipps used to have them much at his table. He once asked me if I liked to meet them. I answered, 'No; I know nothing in their way, and they know nothing out of it.'"

*The Pope; a Novel.* By An O.d. Author in a New Walk. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

*The Pope* is a work of great merit, with some faults and blemishes which will scarcely strike the general reader, and which may fairly be excused, even in "An Old Author in a New Walk."

"A novel," says the preface, "is, or ought to be, essentially a work of entertainment. It cannot be made a royal road to knowledge. But may it not be so based upon recorded facts as to allure many who object to the trivialities of the merely fashionable novel, and to enable those who read solely for entertainment to renew the memory of important historical events, without finding those events check their pursuit after entertainment?"

The author takes a period which has occasionally been treated before by historical novelists,—that of our Henry Eighth, Francis First of France, and Pope Clement Seventh; but, by laying his scenes in Italy, has, in a measure, avoided the more beaten paths. The characters introduced, of whom the author gives a list in commencing his story, are mostly familiar to all readers. Benvenuto Cellini is thus characteristically presented:—

"A tall, well-made, young man, of four or five-and-twenty years of age, stepped from the neighbouring vomitorium, or archway, with a glittering fowling-piece in his hand. He was walking heedlessly into the open pit, when De Whittingham, extending his arm, touched him with the sword which he had, at the first report, drawn from its scabbard. Being encumbered with the half-fainting form of Giulietta, he could not move from the spot. He reached the stranger, however, with the flat of his sword, as he inquired, in an angry tone, 'How he dared to fire his piece so close to the lady's face?' 'How I dared!' scornfully replied the stranger. 'Those who know Benvenuto Cellini know that there are few things which he dare not do, as those who challenge his daring generally find. However,' he added, as he observed the witching features of the agitated girl, in which a deathlike paleness now contrasted with the dark flowing tresses and the drooping eyelashes,—"however, Benvenuto Cellini dared not to have done any thing knowingly to offend or alarm so lovely a lady."

"How is it possible," inquired De Whittingham, still incensed,—"how is it possible that you could have fired so close to her in ignorance that she was beside you?" 'To excuse myself to the signorina, who, I am delighted to see, reopens those beautiful eyes,—to excuse myself to her, sir, though not to you,' replied the stranger, 'I will explain that I was not beside her when I fired. Although the muzzle of my gun appears to have been close to those bewitching tresses, I myself stood just so much within the archway as not to be able to see those who were standing on the other side of the angle of the wall. So, Fida, so poor beast,' he said, addressing a huge sorrel-coloured dog, with a shaggy curling coat, which shewed her to be of a race combining the characteristics of the modern setter, the Newfoundland, and the Italian wolf-dog,—"So, Fida, thou hast brought the unlucky cause of the lady's distress. We have badly concluded an evening of excellent sport."

He took a large wild pigeon from the jaws of his retriever, and dropped it into the well-filled bag which a beautiful lad who attended him had open to receive it. At this moment Tilton and the rest of the party came up. 'How is this? What has been the matter?' exclaimed the elder Massimi. 'You here, Benvenuto?' he added, grasping the hand of the stranger. 'Nothing, brother, is the matter,' replied Giulietta. 'This gentleman fired off his gun without knowing that I was close beside him, and I was so foolish as to be frightened at a noise.' 'Why, the report of a gun is by no means an unusual sound in Rome,' observed her brother. 'But I know Benvenuto Cellini's guns are not like those of other people.' 'Truly,' replied the stranger; 'with my study, and my knowledge, and talents, I have not found it difficult to improve upon the clumsy inventions of others.' 'In what, signor, may your improvements consist?' inquired Tilton, as the party now left the Colosseum and wended their way homewards through the herds that grazed amongst the then extensive ruins of the Forum. 'It were difficult to explain to another all the improvements

that I have made,' responded Cellini, delighted to have an opportunity of dilating upon himself to a stranger; 'yet I will point out to you some of the principal merits of my piece and practice. The gun, you perceive, is much lighter than the clumsy utensils of other sportsmen; and, as I am an excellent marksman, I have made it to carry no more than a single ball. Yet I scarcely ever miss my aim. My powder is also made as fine as the minutest dust, so that it explodes more instantaneously than the coarser sort. The barrel of my piece is, you perceive, longer, as its bore is much smaller, than those in general use: and by charging it with a quantity of powder exactly equal in weight to the fifth part of a ball, I can make it carry two hundred paces point blank. Oh, I have, I assure you, discovered the most admirable secrets that were ever dreamed of!' 'You are happy, signor,' observed Tilton, 'that your secrets appear to be in the keeping of one who seems fully to appreciate them and the ability of their inventor.'"

The style of writing is easy and pleasant, and the following sketch a fair specimen of that style:—

"De Whittingham could not but look with interest and pity towards the handsome family to whom his attention was thus directed. It consisted of four persons—two brothers and two sisters, whose looks and manner plainly shewed how bitter were the feelings with which they heard their father's declarations of meanness and pretended poverty. One of the daughters, a young girl of about seventeen years of age, leaned her head upon her hand, while large tears silently dropped from her full blue eyes, and broke themselves on the bare table before her. The other, about one twelvemonth older, exhibited a different spirit. Diminutive in person, possessing a slim but rounded figure of exquisite proportions, she tossed her little head with an exhibition of bitter scorn as her father proceeded; and the jet-black falling tresses cast a shake of heightened meaning over her sallow but pretty features. Pretty, those features ought not, perhaps, to be called: but no one who met the expressive flash of those dark eyes and marked how the blood, rushing to those pale cheeks, lighted up with passing brilliancy that otherwise dark olive complexion—no one who marked all this and the beautiful bust and rounded arms tipped with hands and fingers of almost infantine proportions, would have hesitated an instant to call Giulietta Massimi, if not a beautiful, yet a most witching, girl. The two brothers appeared to partake the feelings and spirit of their elder sister. One of them turned aside to the window, impatiently humming a popular air; the other, after walking once to the door, returned to the dinner-table, and exclaimed, in answer to the old man's words in which he introduced his children, 'Enough, father; I will introduce myself to these strangers, should there be occasion for it. Signori,' he said, advancing to the Englishmen, 'my father seems to know you; consequently you know him. I may not say more on the subject than to pray you to believe that neither I nor my brother and sisters would wish to be judged of from public or private report, or what are supposed to be family characteristics. We beg to stand or fall on our own actions and sentiments.' 'I am sure,' replied De Whittingham, pitying the evident shame and mortification to which this fine-spirited family was exposed by their father's miserly meanness—"I am sure," he replied, as he grasped, and, with friendly frankness, shook



the young man's hand, 'that you will ever rise in the opinion of whoever may have the pleasure of becoming acquainted with you.' Warren de Whittingham and the children of old Massimi were friends from that hour."

The superstition of the age is curiously shown in the following:—

"The silence had continued a few minutes when the door of the hall was flung rudely open, and Anselmo himself rushed in, with wild and distracted looks and gestures, followed by the old porter, Fra Giovanni, who shrieked out, at the highest pitch of his cracked voice, 'Dio mio! Dio mio! What will become of us? what will become of us? Save me, holy abbot! for the sake of the Blessed Virgin and St. Dominic, save us!—save us!' 'Save us!' cried the hermit, in loud and fearful accents of mingled sarcasm, pride, and despair. 'Save ye, dost say, old fool!—none can save ye. No one can save us! I knew it—I foretold it.—It is all owing to my crime. Absolution, holy abbot! give me absolution. I must ask for it, at last!' He cast himself on his knees at the feet of the astounded abbot. 'There! see—see—there it is again,' cried old Giovanni. 'Merciful Heaven, what will happen to us?' 'Absolution!' loudly expostulated the hermit, crawling on his knees after the abbot, who had hastened to the oriel window from which all the rest now gazed in terror and surprise. 'I demand absolution. The end of the world is come. My crime occasioned it all. 'Twas I who poisoned him.' 'Oh, holy father!' shrieked Fra Giovanni, also falling on his knees, 'stop it—stop it. Bless it—exorcise it—curse it! Order out the holy relics and make a procession. Dio mio! Dio mio! I wish I had not told Bartolomeo so many lies; nor left the door open; nor broken my fast last Friday. I will confess—I will confess it all!' 'It is, indeed, a fearful sight!' exclaimed the abbot. 'But do not be alarmed, ladies, although we cannot understand it.' The ladies and Tilton could not, however, help feeling alarmed; although they spoke not in answer to the abbot's attempted reassurances. They stood gazing, fixed and silently, on the portentous spectacle which the clouded sky presented to them. A thick forest was imaged in the quarter of the heavens on which they gazed; and out of this issued several battalions of foot soldiers, each of which seemed to contain, at least, ten thousand men; each battalion being supported by a troop of at least one thousand men-at-arms. Amongst these advanced such mighty pieces of ordnance as not even Charles the Eighth had ever imported into Italy. Scarce was this mighty army ranged in battle array, when from the opposite side advanced an opposing force of equal power. The different leaders met and consulted together; kings, with crowns on their heads, joined in the conference. At length, one mighty form, and to whom all the flickering shadows bent down with the greatest reverence . . . 'Who can it be?' shrieked Fra Giovanni, with his eyes starting from their sockets, at this period of the awful pantomime. 'Who?' bellowed the mad hermit, on his knees. 'I know him well. The pope! The pope! My benefactor! Absolution, abbot—absolution!' The abbot moved aside to escape his convulsed grasp, and to mark, in silence, the progress of the threatening appearance. The mighty shadow we have mentioned now advanced before all the rest; and meeting one of the opposing kings, drew its gauntlet from its right hand, and cast it high in air. Instantly trumpets sounded in the heavens, the hostile squadron met, the cannon thundered,

'I will be absolved! I tell thee, before the world crumble into ruins,' exclaimed the madman on his knees, dragging the abbot into a seat beside him. 'I have a right to be absolved. I have confessed my crime. Mea culpa—mea culpa: though it was not so much my fault. The colonel ordered it; and the Duke of Urbino set him to the work. But each one for himself. I confess and I demand absolution!' Several monks now rushed into the room; and, seizing the maniac, released the terrified abbot from his clutches. They, at the same time, all spoke together their fears respecting the awful prodigy; and summoned their superior to lead them to the chapel, that they might together deprecate the wrath of Heaven. Willingly the abbot rose to accompany them; but, gazing from the window, perceived, with astonishment, that the sun again shone serenely; that the figures had disappeared; that not a trace remained of the awful pantomime which had so alarmed all beholders. 'Blessed be God,' devoutly exclaimed the abbot, 'for all his mercy. Let us, my brethren, to the chapel, to praise Him together for His infinite goodness.' At the head of the monks, he led the way from the hall. The mad Anselmo rushed from the room exclaiming, 'Pray! pray! But it is not over yet. Heaven will never be appeased till I am absolved!'"

The author's name is a secret; we believe his sex is undoubtable: to wit:—

"Women only repeat opinions which they have imbibed from others, and which their own natural violence of feeling does not permit them to conceal."

We conclude by recommending *The Pope* to our readers as a work from which much amusement may be derived, although the plot is neither complicated nor mysterious, nor the dénouement unexpected.

#### COSTELLO'S SUMMER AMONGST THE BOCAGES AND THE VINES.

[Concluding notice.]

OF the exhumation of the lovely Agnès Sorel, at Loches, we have interesting details:—

"The tomb is of black and white marble, inscribed on all sides with the titles and virtues of the fair creature to whom it was raised. The figure is of the natural size, full length, reclining with the pretty slight hands on the bosom: the proportions are all fine, and the face is very pretty, though the predominant expression is that of sense and firmness: there is not, however, the slightest hardness or unfeminine character; on the contrary, the features are small and delicately formed: the long hair is confined by a coronet of pearls, and a necklace of pearls clasps the throat. In looking on this statue one can quite imagine the kind of being *la gentille Agnès* must have been; but there is a quiet and refinement about the face that tells no tale of frailty; it might rather have belonged to the virtuous wife than to the mistress of a king, and perhaps accounts for the decency which her lover attempted always to keep up in his intercourse with her; constructing subterranean ways by which to visit her, instead of openly keeping her in his palaces before the eyes of his court. Although their intercourse was sufficiently known, they 'assumed a virtue,' and perhaps for that even deserve some credit. Her aspect is noble and dignified, and bespeaks her birth, and, in the chief traits of her life, her character. Agnès

was born in 1409, in the village of Fromenteau. Her father, Jean Sorel, was Lord of Saint Gerard and Fromenteau, and her mother, Châtelaine of Verneuil, in the Bourbonnois; both her parents died in her infancy, and she was brought up by an aunt, la Dame de Maignelais, her mother's sister, who placed her as maid of honour about the queen, wife of Charles VII. She was then eighteen, and combined a noble and enlightened mind with surpassing beauty and seductive grace. The passion conceived for her by the young king was never extinguished but with her existence; and her conduct appears such as to have even secured the esteem of her rival, the queen. Alain Chartier thus names her: 'Si aucune chose elle avait commise avec le roi, cela avait été fait très cauteusement,' which implies a rather singular doubt, which, it is to be feared, cannot well be supported. The poor, the clergy, and, above all, the nation, found a friend in Agnès, and whatever there was of good in the mind of Charles, her power could bring into action; and the profuse expenditure which he delighted to lavish on her, perhaps was well bestowed by the former Roi de Bourges, of whom she made the powerful monarch of a victorious kingdom. Agnès possessed in this province the Château de la Guerche, which was built for her; in Berry, those of Bois, Trousseau, and Issoudren; in Normandy, Vernon-sur-Seine, and Beauté, or, rather, Breauté-sur-Marne, near Vincennes. La Belles des Belles, at the age of forty, was still the most lovely woman in France, adored by the king, respected and beloved by the people, when death suddenly carried off 'the most replenished sweet work of nature,' whether by natural disease or by poison was never ascertained. She died at the Château de Menil, near Jumièges, when on her way to join Charles in Normandy. According to her desire, her body was taken to Loches, where it was placed in a black marble tomb in the choir of the collegiate church. Louis XVI., in consequence of the reiterated requests of the canons of Loches, authorised the translation of the tomb of Agnès to the nave of the church, with the special clause that no part of the body was to be disturbed; for it was imagined, not without reason, that respect for the dead would not be strong enough to repress the natural desire to appropriate some of these precious remains. The first exhumation of the body of the fair Agnès took place on the 5th March, 1777. After opening the tomb, a sort of vaulted cell was discovered beneath the marble of the sarcophagus, in which reposed a coffin of oak enclosing another of lead, which was partly decayed; this covered a third of cedar-wood, in which lay the object of so much care; the head was entire, but all but the bones had disappeared: the teeth, which were very fine, were all uninjured, and the hair was there in all its beauty; two long floating ringlets depended at each side of what had been the face, and the long tresses behind were from eighteen to twenty inches long: the colour was of a clear brown. The surgeon who assisted at the opening of the tomb, it appears, could not resist his desire to become the possessor of one of these beautiful tresses; but, as soon as the theft was discovered, means were taken immediately to recover the lost treasure, which was in due time restored to the rector of St. Ours, who delivered it to the Archbishop of Tours, who, lamentable to relate, cast it into the fire as a profane relic unworthy of regard! It seemed as if this unnecessary profanation of the remains of her who had been looked upon almost as the tutelary genius of France, was

\* "Guiccardinali records, that an appearance in the heavens, such as we have described, was first witnessed in Italy at this period."

an omen of the fearful events which so soon followed; the priests who, after three hundred years, suddenly discovered that her tomb was in the way, little dreamed at that moment of their own annihilation. Agnès Sorel rose from her tomb, like a Pythoness disturbed in her cave, to announce the desolation which was about to fall on her country. At the fatal period of the Revolution this tomb was, with infinite difficulty, preserved in the general wreck, and some funds appropriated to obtain for it a niche of safety in a part of the old château; and in 1834 it was placed where it is now found, by the sous-préfet of the arrondissement, in compliance with the wish of several lovers of the arts. Here, then, after many vicissitudes, lies, without the pale of the church, the lovely mistress of France; for so she may be called, being as much loved by the nation as by the king. 'She sleeps well,' with her two white lambs at her feet, and two watching angels at her head, and is perhaps as beautiful a vision as ever delighted the eyes of a lover of the romantic in history. The punning device which was used by Charles to designate Agnès, was the tree *surette* (the sallow); and in the château which he built for her at La Guerche, the walls were covered with this tree, with L. and A. interlaced, forming *à sur elle*, a curious monogram of her name. Besides, at this her favourite residence, every luxury of architecture was expended to adorn the château where the lovers were accustomed to meet. The powers of painting, to represent the king's prowess in the chase, and his lovely favourite in various attitudes, were taxed to the utmost; but of all this scarcely a vestige remains: the immense thickness of the walls of the castle has kept it still standing; and a statue, supposed to be original, of the lady of the manor, is now placed in a turret chapel, adorned with painted glass,—a pretty park, called *à l'Anglaise*, bathed by the waters of the Creuse, surrounds the former habitation of Agnès."

At Blois an amusing guide attended our travellers:—

"With his large bunch of keys and his portly figure, he made a most imposing appearance as he 'marshalled us the way we should go:' but in vain did we ask questions relative to any object that excited our interest if it came out of the order he had laid down; every thing, he informed us, was well known to him, for he had studied history in order to make himself master of all particulars relative to the castle; 'But how,' said he, 'can you expect to hear what will be useful to you, if you can't wait, but will keep importuning me with questions at the wrong moment? I shall tell you all in turn, without missing the least thing—but do not allow your impatience to disturb our tranquillity.' In this philosophical manner he prosed on from chamber to chamber, till we were almost exhausted with listening: he would interlard his discourse with scraps of English, such as 'Nivere meend,' and 'Teake keer,' rubbing his hands and chuckling as he uttered these words, which he asserted were the favourite expressions of our countrywomen when they came to see the castle."

In the Val de Loire there is a strange diversity among the population:—

"The great variety of manners to be observed in the inhabitants of these districts is curious: in some they differ so strongly as scarcely to be recognised as the same people: the peasants of the Val and of Sologne are beings of entirely opposite qualities, although they are separated only by a hill and a few fields. Civilisation is now doing wonders, and

doubtless these differences will soon cease, or be at least softened down; but they still exist in a surprising degree, considering all the changes to which France has been subject for so many years. At Mareau and St. André the peasants may be said still to speak in the romance language; at least, many of their expressions are the same: their dress is totally different from that of other towns, and neither its form nor quality has been altered from time immemorial. Their manners, habits, and particularly their dances, are not the same as those of their nearest neighbours. The pardons of Bretagne have extended to this part of the Loire, and some of their other customs appear to me similar to those of the Bretons. At these meetings, when religion and gaiety are combined, it is a saying of the country:—

'Pour vivre sans envie  
Et qu'on ait bien son lot,  
Il faut que la Marie  
Prenne ici son Pierrot.'

Which means simply, that at the pardons each young girl is free to choose a partner for the season, who shall attend her to all the fêtes which take place, of which there are many. The grandest of these is that of N. D. de Cléry, the Sunday which follows the 8th of September. This fête, which is nearly the last of the season of fine weather, is remarkable: it has features like Long-champs, in its processions of carriages of all descriptions, and the variety of costumes displayed may vie with the fashionables of the Bois de Boulogne. The mysterious inhabitants of the villages of Mareau and St. André here appear in all their glory, and their dances excite the interest and surprise of all their neighbours. The women wear enormous full thick petticoats, flat caps, and peculiar-shaped corsets: the men have short breeches, enormous buckles in their shoes, hats with large brims turned up, several waistcoats, and their coats almost all of the same tint, which is dark claret colour. At this festival hospitality prevails, and the whole neighbourhood is turned into a fair, where the jongleur and the troubadour of the present day exhibit their powers of attraction. A custom prevails, which is particularly pleasing and romantic, and has a refinement about it which would seem to have been taught by the courtly natives of Blois, but that it evidently is derived from the most distant villages of uncivilised Brittany, as the poem, which I shall presently give, will prove. Each Pierrot, on taking leave of his Marie, when the fête is concluded, presents her with a bouquet, which is only sold on that occasion. It is composed of artificial flowers of fanciful shapes, whose cup is formed of a pearl, made of looking-glass, and little convex mirrors are disposed between the leaves and flowers. These bouquets are religiously preserved by the young girls, as they are often a pledge of proposed marriage at All Saints, or Christmas. They are placed at the head of their beds, and are frequently looked at with great interest to see if the little mirrors remain untarnished; as otherwise, it is a proof of the infidelity of the youth who was the giver of the tell-tale treasure. The following simple poem, taken from the source whence I have drawn others, in the brief account of Bretagne I have attempted, alludes to the custom of the little mirrors, and is, as usual, of a deeply melancholy character. It would appear, by the conclusion, that the young girl on whom it was composed by the rustic minstrel, must have committed suicide. She is called in the verse, *Marhait de Kerghuj*, or, in the strange dialect of Vannes, *Varc'hait doc'h Gerghujar*:—

#### 'The Mirrors.'

Dialect of Vannes.  
Chileneet holl, o chileneet,  
Ur zonik nêeé so saout.

Listen all and listen long,  
To the minstrel's latest song:  
'Tis of Mary whom ye knew,  
Flower that in our hamlet grew.  
Oft her mother said apart,  
'Mary, oh, how fair thou art!'  
'Ah! what boots it being fair?  
Happier other maidens are!  
I am with'ring on the stem,  
For I may not wed, like them.  
When the apple's tender cheek  
Blushes with its rosy streak,  
It is sought and gather'd free;  
But, if left upon the tree,  
Soon 't will perish and decay,  
And, like me, will fade away!'  
'Pretty child, lament no more,  
Wait but till a year be o'er.'  
'If I die before the year  
Thou wilt shed the fruitless tear.  
Build a tomb I should die,  
On it let three poscays lie;  
One must be of roses' sheen,  
And the rest of laurel green.  
When two lovers pass that way  
Tender grief their hearts shall move;  
Each shall choose a flower, and say  
'Tis her grave who died for love:  
For around her shining hair,  
Was no marriage garland tied,  
No bright mirrors, glittering there,  
Bade us hail her as a bride!'  
'Ah!—no bell for me shall sound,  
Place me not in hallow'd ground;  
Dig my grave beside the way,  
Never priest a prayer shall say:  
None the flower-strewn grave shall see  
Of a wretch who died like me!"

We have thus exhausted all we can do for these volumes, which we cordially recommend: and have but to state that some pretty lithographic views and capital initial letters, also afford proofs of the writer's taste and accomplishments.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

AUGUST 7th. Mr. J. Reynolds in the chair.

—Exhibited by Mr. Brewer, living specimens of *Hypericum androsaemum*, *Chlora perfoliata*, *Geranium pratense*, and other interesting plants, from the neighbourhood of Reigate and Dorking, Surrey; by Mr. T. Sansom, a parasitic fungus on a species of *Fulgura*, from Mexico. —Read, a paper by Mrs. Riley, 'On Growing Ferns from Seed, with Suggestions upon their Cultivation and Preparing the Specimens.' "To secure the vegetation of such minute bodies as the seed of ferns, there must be," Mrs. Riley observes, "a uniform state of both heat and moisture; the pots, therefore, in which the sporules are sown should be filled about one-third with potsherds as drainage, and covered to within an inch of the top with a light soil, composed of a mixture of three parts peat, two parts sand, and one part loam: if the soil retain moisture the surface is quickly covered with conifers, which destroy the seedlings. After scattering the seed very slightly on the surface of the soil, the pot should be immediately and closely covered with a glass, which promotes a more even state of temperature and moisture than if it were exposed to the atmosphere of the stove. If the soil be thoroughly moistened at the time of sowing, and kept closely covered, it will not require water very frequently; but when that is necessary, it must be very carefully and evenly supplied, and in just sufficient quantity to keep the soil moist without suffering it to become saturated. On the appearance of germination a little air may be given, and increased as the plants progress. The time of the first appearance of the seedlings differs with various ferns, from ten days to three or four weeks; and the period until

the plant assumes its perfect form differs still more." Most of the British, and some foreign ferns, may be cultivated in the open air. The situation, however, should be well shaded; for the sun's rays are more destructive to ferns than cold winds or wet. A light heath soil, with broken stones about the roots, will serve for most species: some, as *Asp. cristatum*, *Asp. thelypteris*, and *Osmunda regalis*, require considerable moisture. Stagnant water is prejudicial to most ferns, and manure mixed with the soil is also injurious; shade and moderate moisture seem the chief requisites. The beautiful *Adiantum pedatum*, a native of France, the *Aspidium bulbiferum*, *Struthiopteris Germanica*, *Dicksonia pilosiuscula*, *Aspidium acrostichoides*, and many other exotic (especially North American) plants, will grow with the British species in equal luxuriance; indeed, better and more freely than some of our indigenous ferns.—The series of papers communicated by Mrs. Riley to the Botanical Society form a valuable guide to the study and cultivation of ferns,—a tribe replete with interest.

## ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.

TUESDAY. Thomas Wyse, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The Society, on this occasion, had the honour of electing H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent a fellow of their body, after which Dr. Brewer was also elected a fellow.—Dr. Arnold, of Kingston, Jamaica, then read a valuable paper upon a new property discovered by him in the *Datura fastuosa*; that its application to the eye was followed by an almost immediate dilatation of the pupil; and he thought that the extraordinary powers of this plant evinced its adaptation as a substitute for the belladonna, which is very rarely of uniform strength, particularly such as is imported into Jamaica.—Dr. Sigmond afterwards read a short, though interesting, account, by Dr. Arnold, of the surprising knowledge of the poisonous properties of plants possessed by the coloured inhabitants of the West Indies.—The chairman then addressed a few remarks upon the design for the gardens, as executed by the architect and curator, Messrs. Decimus Burton and Marnoch; and observed that the laying out of the grounds was already commenced under the able superintendence of Mr. Marnoch, the curator; and that the Council anticipated the major portion would be speedily prepared for the reception of the subscribers and the public.

## PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, August 11, 1840.

SITTING of August 3. *Analysis of the Blood.*—The second part of the memoir of Messrs. Andral and Gavarret, on the composition and changes of the blood, was read. It related, principally, to that class of maladies in which the fibrine remained in its normal state in the blood, or was diminished at the same time that the globules were the contrary. This class included all fevers, and certain congestions and hemorrhages. In continuous fevers, the fibrine often descended as low as 1: in typhoid fevers, the fibrine was never found above its normal state, and often below it. The globules were often augmented, being up at 140 to 150 at the end of the eighth day of the fever. In eruptive fevers, small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, &c., the fibrine often descended to 1, and never rose above 4; that maximum had been observed only once: the globules, on the contrary, rose, and sometimes got up to 146. In congestions and hemorrhages, the fibrine was commonly found below its normal proportion, and the globules above it.—The third class of

maladies comprehended the cases wherein the globules were greatly augmented, and included dropsies, chlorosis, &c.—The fourth class consisted of maladies in which the albuminous matter of the serum was much diminished, and included renic secretions, &c. The following are some of the tabularised results of the examinations of the blood of various patients.

## 1. Normal state of the blood, 1000 parts:—

Fibrine.....	3	
Globules.....	127	
Albumine.....	66	Solid materials of the serum.
Salts.....	12	
Water.....	790	

1000

## 2. Case of pneumonia:—

	1st bleeding.		4th bleeding.
Fibrine.....	5.799		9.348
Globules.....	134.799		91.685
Solid materials of serum ..	85.408		87.623
Water.....	794.933		812.144

## 3. Case of typhoid fever:—

	1st bleeding.		8th bleeding.
Fibrine.....	2.308		.962
Globules.....	145.246		91.670
Solid materials of serum ..	99.132		79.920
Water.....	756.314		837.412

## 4. Case of cerebral congestion producing death:—

Fibrine.....	1.605
Globules.....	132.965
Solid materials of serum ..	98.886
Water.....	772.644

## 5. Case of intense cerebral hemorrhage:—

Fibrine.....	1.893
Globules.....	175.928
Solid materials of serum ..	31.290
Water.....	792.289

*Botany of India.*—M. Richard read a report on the labours of M. Perrotet in examining the botany of India, and especially of Nilgherry Hills. This chain of mountains, much cut by ravines and marshy valleys, with deep precipices, presents a series of plateaux, or tablelands, covered with small monticules, or rounded hillocks, most of which are deprived of any arborescent vegetation; while, in the gorges of the hills and the valleys, trees and plants of all kinds flourished. The vegetation of these plateaux was found to be very similar in general character to that of the Alps or the Jura, but the species of plants differed: thus the *Rhododendron arboreum* flourished on the Nilgherry Hills, instead of the *Rhododendron hirsutum*, or *Rhododendron ferrugineum* of Europe. The *Orchis orphrys* of Europe are replaced by the *habenaria*, *satyrium*, and *peristylus* species. M. Perrotet had spent two years in specially studying the flora of these mountains. This gentleman, during his labours as a naturalist for twenty-two years, has introduced a great number of useful plants into the French colonies of Senegal, Bourbon, the West Indies, Guyana, &c.: he also introduced into France the *Morus multicaulis*, so valuable for silk-worm breeders. The first regular silk-worm establishment made in the island of Bourbon was due to him: and he also introduced the cultivation of popal and cochineal into Senegal.

M. Cauchy read a memoir on general methods of determining the movements of planets and their satellites.

*Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.*—Sitting of July 25. M. Benoison de Chateauneuf read a memoir on the duration of life among men of science and letters, founded on the lives of 1100 members of the various Academies, the Institute, &c. from 1635 to 1839. Some of the most distinguished men had entered the academies young, such as Cassini, D'Alembert, Lalande, and Lavoisier, who were not twenty-five at the time of their admission; others, including Antoine and Bernard de Jussieu, Condorcet, Bailly, and Cuvier, were un-

der thirty: on the contrary, several were admitted late in life, such as Benzerade, Th. Cornille, and Malebranche, who were upwards of sixty; the Abbé Raynal and Launoy were more than eighty at the time of their election. Out of 907 members, concerning whose admission precise data remained, there were admitted as fellows from 1635 to 1839:—

From 20 to 30 years of age	140
30 .. 40 ..	242
40 .. 50 ..	296
50 .. 60 ..	146
60 .. 70 ..	90
70 .. 80 ..	21
80 .. 90 ..	2
	907

Of these there had been 147 academicians born in the southern provinces; 187 in those of the east and north; 127 in those of the centre; 284 in Paris, and 39 abroad, or in the colonies; and 158 of the whole number are still living: the joint ages of all the academicians at the time of their admission came up to 39,976 years, giving an average of forty-four years, one month, for each. The total ages of the 748 academicians deceased amounted to 51,542 years, which gave an average of sixty-eight years, ten months. It further appeared that the mean duration of life among the academicians, after election, was, in the Academy of Inscriptions, twenty-three years, ten months; in the Académie Française, twenty-two years, eleven months; in the Academy of Sciences, twenty-six years, seven months.

Fable by M. Jeaufré of Marseilles:—

"Le Chat et le Chien.  
Sur l'avance d'un toit, perché dès le matin,  
Et fier comme un danseur sur la corde tendue,  
Un chat ayant nom Grimskin,  
Regardait en pitié Morico, chien carlin,  
Qui se promenait dans la rue.  
Hola! lui cria-t-il, traînant sa voix aigue,  
Petit carlin à courte vue,  
M'aperçois tu d'en bas?... Regarde, me voici  
Haut perché, voisin de la nue.  
Ayant pour unique souci  
De contempler le ciel et sa vaste étendue.  
—Tu guettes les moineaux aussi,  
Lui répond le carlin... vieux pêcheur endure!  
Sur les toits tu cherches fortune.  
Et lorsque tu t'y rends par des détours secrets,  
C'est plutôt pour y voir les moineaux de plus près  
Que pour y contempler le soleil et la lune.  
Sois moins fier de tes yeux. Tu parles mal des miens  
Que je crois pour le moins aussi bons que les tiens.  
Mais pour éclaircir cette affaire,  
Pour la juger d'un esprit sain,  
Descends d'abord de ta gouttière,  
Et plaçons-nous tous deux sur le même terrain.  
On ne doit jamais être dupe  
Du prestige qui suit l'homme parlant de haut.  
Ce prestige si vain dont un grand se prévaut  
Tient moins à sa vertu qu'à son poste qu'il occupe."

Sciarada.  
Col mio primo si fan le calzette;  
Mangio l'altro tagliandolo a fetta:  
E l'inter, prole già d'un regnante,  
Erra intorno alle siepi e alle piante.  
Answer to the last:—Cam-aglio.

## FINE ARTS.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Public Improvements.

We are afraid that we, like the late Committee of the House of Commons, are too late with any opinion upon the final appropriation of Trafalgar Square; and that nothing we can say or do will save that, the finest site in the capital of the British Empire, from being made a laughing-stock to all men of taste and judgment in the fine arts, "hereabouts or far awa'."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity: pity 'tis, 'tis true."

We had been carefully considering the Report made by the Committee to the House, and digesting some remarks on its salient points, when we learned that at a meeting of the Nelson Committee, a few days ago, attended by persons whose names attest the expediency of their decision, it was resolved that, after



what had been done, they must go on, and erect the Nelson Column near the spot originally proposed. The Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Croker, Mr. Herries, Sir G. Cockburn, Sir P. Laurie, &c., were (we are informed) present on the occasion; and whatever they might think of the valid objections to this design, they felt convinced that, the subscription having been raised, and the works having proceeded so far, it was better to finish a bad job, and, what is worse, a job to last for centuries, than to retrace their footsteps, where

"Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We cannot tell how this may be. We have great respect for the good sense of the Nelson Committee, as thus represented; but we cannot help feeling that, as far as their voice goes, if such be the conclusion to which they have finally come, they have set the seal to the consummation of an enduring disgrace to the arts and age in which we live.

We are far, we hope, from assuming the language of dogmatism, which does not become the highest members of the press, and is but the bullying and imposing pretence of its lower limbs. But we are earnest in this matter. The *Literary Gazette* strove hard, and in vain, to save the metropolis from the infliction of the National Gallery. Dropping the *We*, its Editor suffered painfully from his efforts to avert the erection of this great mistake. Valued friends thought him too peremptory; and the public, resting on official authority, or influenced by partisanship on the other side, was satisfied that, when completed, the building would be well enough! It was completed; and it is now our melancholy satisfaction to know that there is only one opinion of the grossness of the failure, externally ludicrous, and internally unfit for all its objects, and the loss of the finest opportunity ever offered in London for the execution of a grand national architectural structure.

Well! since the days of King Charles I., we have had a succession of such excrescences. Poor Wilkins's National Gallery is but the latest (would we could say the last!) of the crop; and the misery is, that it seems to have entailed itself, against more enlightened views, and will now, in spite of all past experience, cause the noble area it degrades to be farther deformed with an accumulation of heterogeneous objects at which we may smile, but a polished people ought seriously to grieve.

Is it yet possible that by a remonstrance on behalf of all that is consistent with character in art—all that is required to adorn and not to disfigure a great city—we might prevail on those who have the power in their hands not to destroy the finest and most conspicuous space in London, and fix on the nineteenth century of England's boasted civilisation the stain of another error as foolish and contemptible as the first?

With the exception of a church and clubhouse or two, in all our quasi national, public, civic, corporate, and ecclesiastical designs, and we speak from experience, there are several ingredients which contribute to make them what they have been and are;—not one excellent, a few tolerable, and the majority miserable abortions!

First, we have the jobbing; in a commercial and money-loving country, inseparable from any purpose where money is to be made. "Claw me and I'll claw you," is not confined to Scotland.

Secondly, we have humbugging; charlatany pushing itself forward for the sake of notoriety, and either encouraged by superior rank

and intelligence, or suffered to take its way; whilst good sense, ability, and modesty, are thrown into the shade.

And thirdly, and perhaps the chief evil of all,—we have in the seat of the judges who determine such things, men who are not themselves educated to give even a tolerable decision upon the questions of art, architecture, sculpture, painting, &c., which are submitted to them. Artists often differ enough; but there are data and reasoning in their differences. We can perceive what their grounds are, and what they are aiming at. But when the case comes to a parliamentary, or still more anomalous public committee, to whom is relegated the determination of monument, group, statue, or other production of genius, all we can say is, "The Lord help Genius!" And this brings us, without meaning any disrespect, to the "Report from the Select Committee on Trafalgar Square, together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them, and Appendix, ordered to be printed, 27th July, 1840."

This Committee was appointed by motion in the House (3d July), "to inquire into the plan sanctioned by the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests for laying out the vacant space in Trafalgar Square, in front of the National Gallery;" and we presume we need not tell any body that a plan "sanctioned" by a great public board, and "approved" by "the Lords of the Treasury," has very little chance of being much qualified or corrected, were Phidias, Apelles, Zeuxis, Lysippus, Praxiteles, Scopas, Parrhasius, Michael Angelo, Piranesi, Palladio, Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, Stewart, and all to constitute the majority of the referees. As it was in this instance, it was nominated, and consisted of,

"Mr. Gally Knight, Sir James Graham, Mr. Loch, Mr. Greene, Mr. Pendarves, Sir Hussey Vivian, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Tufnell, Mr. H. T. Hope, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Protheroe, Sir C. Lemon, Sir S. Canning, Mr. Redington, Sir C. Douglas."

All these are, in the language of the House, and deservedly in the estimation of society, "honourable" persons; but, really, it is beyond imagination to believe that the pursuits and habits of life of the greater number of them could have entitled them to be appointed arbiters in any matter where a long study of the arts, and a practical acquaintance with its scientific rules and relations, were indispensable to an adequate comprehension of the subject before them. Some of them we do not know—others we do; and we will be bold to say, that out of the fifteen not more than five went so far as to know a hawk from a handsaw in the business submitted to them. And this we say not in disparagement of perhaps higher, but altogether different qualifications. County members have too much of country affairs; soldiers, lawyers, and officials, have too much of other and important occupations to allow them to cultivate their minds, and acquire the necessary knowledge for an honourable and satisfactory discharge of such a trust.

It is evident, from the composition of this Committee, that it had even worse elements to mar its efficacy. Some were members of the Government, and some of the Nelson Committee. The former were biased in favour of what Government had "sanctioned," and the latter were sturdy partisans of their own Nelsonian proceedings. Yet, prejudiced as they were, they hardly excused the plan; all they could do they did, and it was to contend that they, or the public, had got into a sad scrape, and though large sums of money must be sacrificed to continue it and revolt good taste; yet we should make the best of a bad bargain, and to

a wretched National Gallery conjoin an object which should make it more ridiculous than ever, besides being altogether unsuited to the position.

The Report, mutilated and garbled as it is, proves all this, and more. Nelson, who shed a glory on the empire, must, it seems, shed a farce on its metropolis. The triumphs of the British navy must be wrecked on the Strand. Such is the Report:—

"1. Your Committee must begin by observing, that the nature of the projected works in Trafalgar Square not having come under their consideration till after those works were begun, they found themselves in a position less advantageous for the performance of the task which was placed in their hands, than had the field of inquiry been completely disembarassed. They endeavoured, however, to free their minds from all extraneous circumstances, and only to consider what would most contribute to the embellishment of that part of the town.

"2. They felt that, under the terms of their appointment, all that was to be done within the area of Trafalgar Square came within the limits of their inquiry, and that they should have ill discharged their duty to the House and to the public, had they not adverted to whatever works were designed for that situation,—a situation which is indisputably one of the noblest in the metropolis,—an area which has been obtained at a great cost, and the final decoration of which must have so large a share in determining the character of that conspicuous part of the capital.

"3. Your Committee will begin with adverting to the plan for laying out the area itself. They find that, so long as 1837, a plan for laying out Trafalgar Square was submitted to and approved by the Lords of the Treasury; but, for reasons which do not appear, was never begun. In the course of April 1840, the plans supplied by Mr. Barry, for the same object, were approved by the Woods and Forests, and are now in progress. The estimate for these works amounts to 11,000*l.*, independent of the pavement of the square, and of certain ornaments of bronze, which, in the judgment of Mr. Barry, are desirable. The chief features of Mr. Barry's plan are, the levelling of the area from front to back, and the construction of a terrace fifteen feet high, on the south side of the street, in front of the National Gallery. The effect of this terrace will be greatly to improve the appearance of the National Gallery, by giving it the elevation, for the want of which it has been chiefly censured.\* Mr. Barry, on being questioned by your Committee, gave it as his opinion that the appearance of the National Gallery might be further improved by continuing the order of pilasters through the whole length of the front, and relieving the baldness of the cupola, by encircling it with pillars, and giving it a bolder cornice; which additions, he is of opinion, the existing walls would be capable of supporting.

"4. Your Committee having satisfied themselves that Mr. Barry's plan for laying out the ground in front of the National Gallery was, under all the circumstances of the case, well adapted to reconcile the various difficulties of the spot, and attain the desired end, proceeded to inquire what effect the column, which is about to be raised by the Nelson Committee in the centre of the south side of the Square, would have upon the National Gallery; how far a column of such dimensions would be seen to advantage in such a position; and how far it would contribute to the embellishment of that

\* Burning it down is the only remedy.—*Ed. L. G.*

part of the metropolis. In order to assist their judgment on this important point, they called before them several architects of acknowledged merit, and availed themselves of the opinions of eminent sculptors and men of taste. These gentlemen were allowed an interval of two or three days to consider the subject; at the end of which they all sent in their opinions in writing. In the opinions of these gentlemen, as might be expected in a matter of taste, there is not perfect unanimity; but your Committee feel to have derived great advantage from having consulted them, and by carefully weighing their opinions, and examining the principles upon which those opinions are based, have arrived at conclusions of their own.

"5. Your Committee are of opinion that such a column so situated would have an injurious effect upon the National Gallery, by depressing its apparent altitude, and interrupting that point of view which should be least interfered with.

"6. They are of opinion that a column of such dimensions will render the surrounding buildings less important, and, so situated, will not group well with any thing in its neighbourhood.

"7. They are of opinion that, as approached from Whitehall, as seen at the termination of this grand avenue, which forms one of the principal entrances of the metropolis, the appearance of the National Gallery will be much injured by the column. In this point of view the column will cut the National Gallery through the centre, and the pedestal of the column alone will nearly conceal both the portico and the cupola.

"8. They are of opinion that the site selected is not a favourable position for the column itself.

"9. There is another point to which your Committee will advert, which is, that the statue of King Charles is not in a line with the column; nor could this defect, from the proximity of the two objects, fail to catch the eye. So long as there is no column in the proposed situation, the statue of King Charles, where it now stands, is a fortunate circumstance, offering a subordinate object, in front of the National Gallery, which serves as a scale, without obstructing the view.

"10. Your Committee, entertaining these opinions, are unable to avoid arriving at the conclusion, that it is undesirable that the Nelson Column should be placed in the situation which is at present selected. If it is desirable in a great city to suggest the idea of space, and, having once obtained space, not to block it up again; if the general architectural effect of Trafalgar Square, or of the buildings around it, is to be at all considered; or if, at any time, an equally conspicuous position should be desired for any other monument, the situation at present selected for the Nelson Column is most unfortunate.

"11. Your Committee having arrived at this decision, proceeded to inquire at what cost a change of plan in the position of Nelson's Column could now be effected, and how far it would be consistent with good faith now to interdict the Nelson Committee from prosecuting their work in the situation in which it is commenced.

"12. What has actually been done towards the erection of the Nelson Column is no more than the excavation for the foundation, and pouring in the concrete which is to form a bed for the masonry, the expense of which, in Mr. Barry's opinion, would be more than covered by 1000*l*. Contracts, however, have been en-

tered into by the Nelson Committee, a failure to complete which would subject them to actions at law. It is not, however, probable that, if the same work were intrusted to the same persons, in another situation, such actions would be instituted. The pecuniary loss, therefore, would not of itself entail so great a sacrifice as to preclude the idea of even now adopting a preferable course.

"13. But it appears by the Treasury letter, bearing date 27th January, 1840, that the Lords of the Treasury have authorised the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests to deliver over the site appropriated for the Nelson Monument to the Committee for carrying that object into effect; and according to the evidence of Mr. Scott, it appears that the architect has taken possession of the site, and has commenced the concrete and brickwork of the foundation, in which considerable progress has been made, and on the completion of which the Nelson Committee are bound to pay the contractors the sum of 2000*l*.

"14. Your Committee cannot doubt that the Lords of the Treasury, in authorising the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to give that site to the Nelson Committee for the erection of the proposed column, entertained the fullest confidence that funds would be provided for carrying out the work in conformity to the plans and drawings which had been seen and approved; and they feel they should be wanting in their duty if they failed to direct the attention of the House to the fact that, according to the evidence, the subscription is at present deficient for the purpose, to the amount of some thousand pounds. Mr. Railton informed the Committee that his estimate of the column amounts to 28,000*l*., whilst the sum subscribed does not exceed 18,000*l*.; nor does it appear that any well-grounded hope exists of any considerable addition.

"15. It is true that contractors have engaged to complete the pedestal and the column for 15,000*l*., and the metal for the capital is expected to be supplied by the Ordnance; but your Committee submit that a perishable statue of Portland stone is most objectionable; and, supposing the terms of the contract to be fulfilled to the letter (which in works of such a magnitude is seldom the case), the remaining 3000*l*. is wholly inadequate to meet the expense of casting the capital, of obtaining such a statue as ought to crown the summit, and of providing the bronze bas-reliefs for the sides of the pedestal, and the lions at the corners of the base. Even if the fund should prove sufficient to complete the masonry, no statue can be raised but one of Portland stone, and the column without its bas-reliefs will remain a denuded mass; which, however gigantic, will have a mean effect."

In our next we propose to discuss some of the proceedings and evidence. The parliamentary tactics of Sir R. Inglis, as a Nelson Committee man, to defeat suggested alterations; the party demi-political divisions; the singular want of comprehension of the subject in Mr. Railton, the Columnar architect; the unwilling, extorted, and reserved testimony of Mr. C. D. Scott, Secretary to the Nelson Subscription,\* and other queer and characteristic hallucinations of artists examined, appear to us to be well worth a chapter in *The Literary Gazette*.

\* This gentleman's extreme slowness in answering the questions put to him, contrasts wonderfully with the rapidity of his motions when ordering the works for the Column to proceed as fast as possible, as soon as it was known that a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of placing the design in Trafalgar Square! Let us get so much done that nobody

And *à propos* of public undertakings. We have seen the plan for the ROYAL EXCHANGE of London, and if it be not a City Job, it ought to be one; for of all the designs we ever saw for such a purpose, it is the oddest to be chosen from a competition in which we have heard it affirmed much talent was shewn. Let them make Trafalgar Square as absurd as they please, there will be more absurdity in the City. The East against the West, for blundering in architecture, sculpture, or painting, Lombard Street to a China orange!!!

#### NEW PUBLICATION.

*Illustrations of Master Humphrey's Clock.* By T. Sibson. Nos. I. II. III. London, Tyas; Edinburgh, Menzies; Dublin, Machen and Co.

When a kite rises in the air there is always a number of bits of paper, and other light or heavy matters, tied to its tail; and in like manner literary success is sure of having many pendants. The present monthly publication deals with characters and circumstances in Bos's new periodical; borrows some from the woodcut illustrations of that work, and invents others to incorporate therewith. Four prints grace every No., and, for the moderate price, are well enough executed. But there is one disagreeable thing which attends all such productions — they are not fair to the author or to the public, which desires to go along with his ideas, and must dislike having them disturbed by other images suggested from other fancies.

#### SKETCHES.

##### HISTORY OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

THE Markets' Committee of the city of London having referred it to Mr. Solicitor (Mr. Charles Pearson) to consider the power of the corporation in relation to the nuisance of Bartholomew Fair, and the power of the corporation to abate it, Mr. Pearson made a Report on the subject, which they adopted, and recommended that its suggestions should be carried into effect. As it is a curious *résumé* in itself, and alludes to several ancient customs, we have copied it into our page as a Sketch (though of bygone) Society, and trust that our readers will enjoy as much as we have the spirit and talent displayed by Mr. Pearson in this brief but interesting document.

"To the Worshipful the Committee for the Management and Control of the several Markets of the City of London.

"Gentlemen,—I have, in obedience to your order, the honour to report to your worshipful committee my opinion as to the right of the Corporation of London to suppress Bartholomew Fair, or otherwise to remove the nuisances and obstructions to trade to which it gives rise. Finding, from the documents in my office, that conflicting opinions had at various times been given upon the subject, I felt it my duty to examine the repertoires in the Town Clerk's Office, as well as the books in the City Library, and in the British Museum, for the purpose of tracing from the earliest period the history, not only of Bartholomew Fair, but of other fairs which formerly existed in the metropolis, the right to hold which was likewise founded upon charter or prescription, and which have been

can undo it, seems to have been the rule of action; and, no doubt, in a few weeks, we shall see the lumpy pedestal of this pillar high in air, above the boarding of the hoard. Nelson, we believe, in death, lay in the arms of Mr. Scott's father, the purser of the Victory; and his monumental statue did not deserve so ill an office from the son.

abolished or fallen into disuse. Applying the received rules of law to the facts and circumstances with which those sources of information furnished me, I should be disposed (were I unfettered by authority) to report that the corporation might suppress the fair without danger to the other chartered rights of the city; but inasmuch as gentlemen of great eminence in their profession have expressed doubts upon this point, and upon a case submitted to them by the then city solicitor, they recommended an application to parliament to effect the object, I feel myself so far governed by their authority as to refrain from recommending the immediate and entire abolition of the fair. If, however, the committee deem it a matter of paramount importance to proceed at once to suppress it, I should like to receive instructions to hold a conference with those gentlemen, as I think there might be introduced in the case certain facts and arguments (not before brought under their consideration), which would be calculated to induce them materially to qualify their opinion. I am, however, clearly of opinion that the corporation may lawfully circumscribe the limits and duration of the fair, and may make rules and regulations for its government, which will remove the nuisances and obstructions to trade, without attempting suddenly and entirely to suppress it,—a proceeding which would doubtless be ascribed to an attempt on the part of the corporation improperly to interfere with the recreations of the humbler classes of the community. At the earliest periods in which history makes mention of this subject, I find there were two fairs, or markets, held on the spot where Bartholomew Fair is now held, or in its immediate vicinity. These two fairs were originally held for two entire days only, the fairs being proclaimed on the eve of St. Bartholomew, and continued during the day of St. Bartholomew and the next morrow. Both these fairs, or markets, were instituted for the purposes of trade. One of them was granted to the prior of the convent of St. Bartholomew, 'and was kept for the clothiers of England and drapers of London, who had their booths and standings within the churchyard of the priory, closed in with walls and gates, and locked every night, and watched for the safety of their goods and wares.' The other was granted to the city of London, and consisted of 'the standing of cattle, and stands and booths for goods, with pickage and stallage, and tolls and profits appertaining to fairs and markets in the field of West Smithfield.' At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., the right in the first-mentioned fair was sold to Sir John Rich, the then attorney-general; and was enjoyed by his descendants till the year 1830, when it was purchased of Lord Kensington by the corporation; and it is now held by the chamberlain of London and town-clerk as trustees; so that, in fact, all the rights and interests in both fairs may now be said to be vested in the corporation. The right to hold both these fairs having been granted for the purpose of promoting the interests of trade, it is quite clear that no prescriptive right can be set up to commit any nuisance incompatible with the purposes for which they were established. If, therefore, the corporation should be satisfied that the interests of the public can be no otherwise protected than by confining the fair to its original objects and purposes, they may undoubtedly do so; and this would, in fact, be equivalent to its entire suppression. Perhaps the committee will not think it requisite, in the first instance, to proceed to such extremities. The corporation, however, by abridging the

duration to two clear days, and by refusing to let standings for show-booths, &c., may materially diminish the inconvenience at present created, and thus prepare the way for its natural death, of the approach of which it has, I understand, already exhibited certain marked symptoms. The committee are probably aware that the license for many years granted by the corporation for mountebanks, conjurors, &c. to exercise their amusing vagabondism at the fair, extended to fourteen days, during which period it was for several years allowed to be held. In those times the fair was frequently presented by grand juries as a nuisance; and the complaints of the sober-minded citizens were loud and long-continued against the riotings and debaucheries to which it gave rise. The depressed state of the corporation revenues at that time compelled them, however, to supply their wants by tolerating the continuance of those irregularities; and the swordbearer and other city officers were partly paid out of emoluments derived from that discreditable source. In consequence of these complaints, various orders were at different times made by the corporation for the purpose of limiting and regulating the fair; and in the year 1735, in particular, the Court of Aldermen resolved, 'That Bartholomew Fair shall not exceed Bartholomew Eve, Bartholomew Day, and the next morrow; and shall be restricted to the sale of goods, wares, and merchandises, usually sold in fairs; and no acting shall be permitted therein.' It is at all times difficult by law to put down the ancient customs and practices of the multitude; hence we find that great resistance was offered to the enforcement of these regulations. In 1760, Mr. Birch, the deputy city-marshal, lost his life in the attempt; and the practices which those regulations were intended to prevent have prevailed, more or less, to the present time. I feel it due to the working classes of the present day to say, that a perusal of the histories of London at the period I have adverted to, as well as 'Malcolm's Anecdotes,' 'Sir Robert Southwell's Letters to his Son,' and other pamphlets and ephemeral publications of those times, conclusively proves that a vast progressive improvement has taken place in the exhibitions of the fair, as well as in the conduct of the multitude that resorted to it. Gambling houses of every class were formerly freely licensed, disgusting scenes of all descriptions were publicly exhibited, and the most profligate vices of every kind were openly practised; while the violence of Lady Holland's mob, as it is termed, often broke out in frightful excesses, and spread consternation and terror around. It may be usefully observed here that May Fair, formerly held near Hyde Park, under the authority of a grant to the Abbot of Westminster, and the Lady Fair, Southwark, held by a grant to the Corporation of London (both of which had been the scenes of practices as disgraceful as those that prevailed in Smithfield), were suppressed without the aid of parliament. And when we consider the improved condition and conduct of the working classes in the metropolis, and reflect upon the irrefragable proofs continually before us that the humbler orders are fast changing their habits, and substituting country excursions by railroads and steamboats, and other innocent recreations, for vicious amusements of the description which prevailed in Bartholomew Fair, it is perhaps not too much to conclude that it is unnecessary for the corporation to apply to parliament to abate the nuisance; but that if they proceed to lay down and enforce the observance of judicious regulations in the fair, and to limit its

duration and extent, it may be permitted to continue, in the confident belief that many years will not elapse ere the corporation may omit to proclaim the fair, and thus suppress it altogether, without exciting any of those feelings of discontent and disapprobation with which its compulsory abolition would probably be now attended.—I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"CHARLES PEARSON."

"Guildhall, June 19, 1840."

#### THE DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—The last of the *Concerts d'Eté* is given this evening, and with a charming selection of music. Mr. Eliason has done every thing for these most agreeable treats; and, we trust, will feel encouraged to go on hereafter. His performances are admirably calculated to cultivate and improve our national tastes.

*Haymarket.*—The first appearance of a comic actor should not be severely criticised—the nervousness he must feel, even if he does not shew it much, is a dead weight upon his efforts; and, till he is sure of the audience being with him, he dreads to shew the extent of his powers. On Tuesday, Mr. David Rees made his *début* on this stage as a broad comedian; he possesses a face which may be his fortune, and his acting seemed to us to depend rather too much on its constant distortion and occasional grimace. He is one of the *Liston* school—slow and pausing; lingering over every intended hit with an expression of face that calls forth the laughter of the audience, rather than the point itself. This was, perhaps, more observable in the *King's Gardener* than in the *Turnpike Gate*, in which he played *Crack*; a part poor Munden and Mathews—but let us not remember them. Mr. Rees was much applauded during the evening, and met with a double encore in one song, and a single ditto in another. We confess we should like to see him again, and in other parts, before we decide upon the extent of his power over our risible faculties.

*English Opera.*—On Monday a new domestic drama, called *Ernestine*, met with doubtful success. It is of slight interest and abrupt termination. The characters were fairly supported: the grave, by Miss Fortescue, Mr. Maynard, and Mr. Fitzjames; and the gay by Madame Simon, Miss Fitzjames, Miss Bartlett, and Mr. Granby. We do not think the piece likely to attract; and with so many novelties, our deserving republic here may dispense with an occasional miss. On Thursday, another merry novelty was produced with success. It is built upon *Love, Law, and Physic*, and Compton, as a son and heir to *Lubin Log*, has the principal part.

*Strand Theatre.*—At this little theatre, which has recently opened with light and lively dramas, an adaptation from "Master Humphrey's Clock," called *Weller's Watch*, is rather too slow. A translation from the French, by Mr. C. Selby, called *One Fault*, a domestic drama, is cleverly played by Mrs. and Mr. Selby, Miss Pelham, Mrs. Howard, and Mr. Sanders: and *Behind the Scenes*, one of the smartest pieces of drollery on the stage, affords a good evening's amusement. The latter piece, though not new, is well worth seeing.

#### VARIETIES.

*H.B.'s.*—Parliament is up, and not only with a speech from the throne, but a splash of caricatures from H.B., Nos. 647, 8, 9, and 50. "Chess," a drawn game between Lords John Russell and Stanley (the latter giving perpetual



check but unable to win the game), is the first, and a good parody on the Irish Registration measure. The next is "The Derby favourite a little amiss," in which Brougham, Wellington, Peel, Graham, and Lord Stanley, figure, the last as a horse with the above bill fastened round his leg as a splint. The various expression of the countenances is full of character. The third is the most novel in idea and ingenious in execution. Peel and O'Connell are playing battledore with the shuttlecock ministry, the feathers in the flying shuttlecock being headed by likenesses of the cabinet. The game is well kept up, though Peel is getting tired, and O'Connell says, "I think the harder I hit the stronger I become." The last is appropriate to the prorogation—"Breaking up for the vacation," and a numerous and humorous group. The Great Western, driven by O'Connell, is starting with the ministry, a pack of shouting boys, inside and out. The Queen is giving them the *vale*, "Good-by—take care you don't get into any mischief." Wellington, as the older governess of the Victoria establishment, is exclaiming, "Giddy, thoughtless creatures;" and Brougham, as a street-sweeper, holding out his hat for a donation. This is one of the most complete and laughable of all the 650 which it so drolly concludes.

*Sir David Wilkie.*—This eminent painter leaves us to-morrow for Munich, whence he purposes to descend the Danube, and, *Deo volente*, proceeding into Syria, and visiting Jerusalem and other sacred places. Mr. Woodburn of St. Martin's Lane, we understand, accompanies him.

*Fine Arts.*—A large picture of Charles V., by Vandyck, in the Gallery at Florence, having been thrown down, seems to have broken into pieces, so as nearly to destroy the beautiful statue called the Apollino. The newspapers, in the first instance, mistook it for the Apollo Belvidere; but great as the misfortune is, it is not so great as that would have been, and the larger statue is not in this gallery.

*French Expedition in the Antarctic Seas.*—The "Toulonnais" publishes the following letter from Captain Dumont d'Urville, of the Astrolabe, dated Harbour of Oka-Roa, New Zealand, April 8:—"Since our departure from Hobart Town our voyage has been prosperous. I have had nothing but light breezes in seas where I expected violent gales. We have visited the Auckland Islands and Port Otago, and have surveyed 100 leagues of the south-east coast of New Zealand. Our expedition is daily increasing its valuable collection of objects of natural history. I propose remaining here three days, and then sailing to the Bay of Islands, after which my course homeward will be more rapid. We have not lost a single man since our departure from Hobart Town."

*Ni Abiad.*—Letters from Malta contain intelligence from Alexandria to the 17th ult., which is not so late, by six days, as that published on Friday. They contain, however, some particulars not yet known relative to the inhabitants about the White River, who have been discovered by the late expedition. Though animals and men were in great abundance, there was not a sign of a habitation. The people were divided into *kabyles*, or tribes, every one of which spoke a different language, was completely independent of the rest, and was governed by a sort of king, who was distinguished by wearing a shirt, all his subjects being entirely naked. That they may sleep warm, they are described as in the habit of lying on hot ashes. They at first refused to supply the expedition with provisions, but when a fire was commenced from the boats,

which killed some of them, they thought that the people in the boats were all sons of God; accordingly, they began to pray to them, and to carry to them most respectfully whatever they possessed.

Letters have been received from the United States Exploring Expedition, dated at Sydney, New South Wales, March 12, 1840, announcing the discovery of a vast continent in the antarctic regions, far more extensive than the discovery lately announced by the French Exploring Expedition. The discovery of the continent was made on the 19th of January, 1840, by both the French and American squadrons. The part of the ocean included between the degrees of 97 and 154 degrees east, and south of 64, was not traversed by Cook, or any other of the great navigators that we remember; though west of 60 degrees east longitude, he went to nearly 70 degrees of south latitude. But the discoveries now mentioned seem to be all east of this. Captain Briscoe, at about 45 degrees east longitude, took a north-eastern course from nearly 70 degrees south latitude. In 1823 Captain Waddell was considerably south of 70 degrees, as indeed Captain Cook was in 1774, but no report is made of any thing but islands of ice. We do not now recollect the cause, if there was any, why the southern navigators all avoided (as they seem to have done) the part of the great Southern Ocean lying in the latitude and longitude recently visited by the American and French squadrons. — *United States Gazette.*

*Animal Magnetism.*—The congregation of the Holy Office at Rome, having applied to the Pope to know if animal magnetism was lawful, and if penitents might be permitted to be operated upon, his holiness has replied, that the application of principles and means purely physical to things and effects which are supernatural, for the purpose of explaining them physically, is nothing but an unlawful and heretical deception.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

"Pathological Anatomy, General and Special." In 3 large vols. By Carl Rokitsansky, M.D. Professor of Pathological Anatomy in the University of Vienna; and Rowland Hill Mackenzie, M.D., late Assistant in the Pathological Dissection Rooms of the Imperial Hospital of Vienna.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Scotland, by Patrick F. Tytler, Esq. Vol. VII. 8vo. 12s.—Striding Correspondence: Letters written in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, edited by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Questions on Keightley's History of England, Vols. I. and II. 12mo. sewed, 1s. each.—Acute Hydrocephalus, or Water in the Head, by David D. Davis, M.D. 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Memoirs, Letters, &c. of the late James Smith, Esq., edited by Horace Smith, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Young Ladies' School Record, by a Governess, 12mo. 2s.—Supplement to Elementary Algebra, by R. H. Wright, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Windsor Railway Companion and Guide to the Castle, by A. Freeling, 18mo. 1s.—Seville and its Vicinity, by F. H. Standish, Esq. post 8vo. 12s.—Rev. E. Butler's Sermons, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s.—Ministerial First-Fruits; or, Twenty Sermons by the Rev. J. W. Watson, 8vo. 6s.—Hand-Book up the Rhine, 24mo. 2s.—Confectioner and Pastry-Cook's Guide, by G. Read, square, 1s. 6d.—Facts to Correct Fancies; or, Lives of Remarkable Women, square, 4s.—Smy and Shuckard's British Coleoptera, 8vo. 3s. 2s.—Wood's Algebra, with Lund's Appendix, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—A Summer-Day at Greenwich, by W. Sherb, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Art of Needle-Work, edited by the Countess of Wilton, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in 1838-39, by R. H. Kennedy, M.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.—Table-V and After-Dinner Anecdote, fcap. 2s. 6d.—R. H. White's Description of Baden-Baden, square, 6s.—British Engineering Field-Work, 2d edition, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Elements of Algebra, by W. Foster, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Sermons by the Rev. J. Tucker, 12mo. 5s.—Consolation for Christian Mourners, by A. Thomson, D.D. 12mo. 6s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"R.E." "Salvation" would not be consonant to our mingled page, otherwise their merit would recommend them.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

**THE next (Tenth) Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in Glasgow, during the Week commencing on Thursday, the 17th of September, 1840.**  
JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.  
JAMES YATES, F.L.S. Secretary to the Council.  
London, July 17, 1840.

**KING'S COLLEGE, London.—SCHOOL.**  
The CLASSES will be RE-OPENED on TUESDAY, the 18th August, at Nine o'clock in the morning.  
July 30, 1840. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

**ERECHTHEIUM CLUB, or Auxiliary Ateneum.**—The Committee of Management of this Literary and Scientific Association having on Thursday, the 6th inst. made their Second Selection from the List of Candidates pursuant to advertisement, hereby give Notice that they will again meet on THURSDAY, the 20th August next, at One o'clock precisely at the Temporary Offices of the Club, No. 6 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, to make a further Selection from the List of Candidates, and take into consideration the several Mansions which have been offered for the use of the Club. Noblemen and Gentlemen desirous of joining this Association are requested to send in their applications to the Secretary, H. E. Paine, Esq., to whom all other communications respecting this Club must be addressed.  
(Signed) JOHN DEAN PAUL, Chairman.

**LEEDS SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.**  
**THE TENTH WINTER SESSION,** during which the following Courses of Lectures will be delivered, will commence on Thursday, October 1st, 1840.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology, by Mr. T. P. Teale, F.L.S., Mr. Garlick, and Mr. Nunneley.  
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Principles and Practice of Surgery, by Mr. W. Hey.  
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Botany, by Mr. Denry.  
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Clinical Lectures will be given on Medical Cases by Dr. Hunter, on Surgical Cases by Mr. Smith, Mr. W. Hey, and Mr. T. P. Teale.  
The Lectures delivered at this School are fully recognised by the Royal College of Surgeons, the Society of Apothecaries, and by the University of London.  
Gentlemen who wish to enter the respective Courses are requested to apply to Mr. Garlick, 31 Park Row.

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